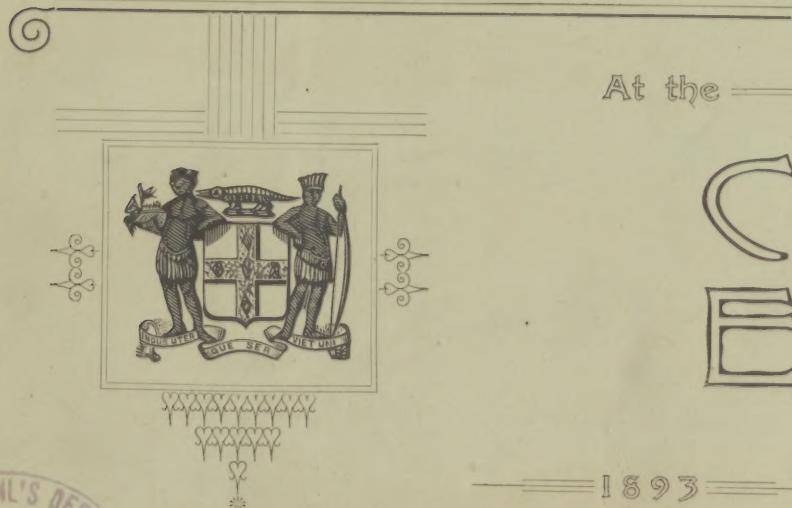


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JAMAICA



At the

COLUMBIAN
EXPOSITION

1893



JAMAICA

John S. Billings

With Compliments of the
Commissioner.

Dr

WORLD'S FAIR.

JAMAICA AT CHICAGO.

*An Account Descriptive of the Colony of Jamaica,
With Historical and Other Appendices.*

COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lt. Col. the Hon. C. J. WARD, C. M. G., Honorary Commissioner for Jamaica.



WM. J. PELL, PRINTER, 92 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.



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1893.

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Respectfully Dedicated

to

His Excellency Sir Henry A. Blake, K. C. M. G.,

Governor of Jamaica.



To His Excellency Sir H. A. Blake, K. C. M. G.,

Sir:

In asking you to permit me to associate your name with this little hand-book which I have had prepared for free distribution at the Chicago Exhibition, I am prompted by the recollection of what you have done, so zealously and at the same time so unassumingly, in giving prominence to Jamaica as a possibly unequalled health resort and as a profitable field of settlement for would-be British Colonists or United States citizens, seeking a home under the British flag.

With politics I, as Commissioner for Jamaica, have nothing to do, but I think I am justified in availing myself, on behalf of my fellow-colonists, of this opportunity of expressing to Your Excellency the gratification felt by all Jamaicans at the sincere and hearty manner in which you have interested yourself in all that interests us, in which you have cordially thrown yourself into our lives and become one of us in your endeavours, since your assumption of the government of this colony, to do all in your power to promote, socially, morally and commercially, the best and highest interests of this ancient and loyal colony.

I am, Sir,

CHARLES J. WARD.

Kingston, Jamaica,
March, 1893.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE PARISHES OF JAMAICA.

THE Island of Jamaica is essentially the most important of the British West Indian Islands, not only on account of its greater size, but also by reason of the varied beauty of its scenery, the capabilities of its soil and the healthiness of its climate. Less than a century ago, large fortunes were made in Jamaica and money was spent wildly, lavishly and often riotously. Subsequently, after the emancipation of the slaves, it settled down into quietude, and there were those who spoke of its palmy days as past, never to return. Lately, however, Jamaica has undoubtedly experienced a revival of popularity and of prosperity, a result largely due to intelligent enterprise and industry. It is not intended that these pages shall be filled to any extent with statistics, but, as evidence of the truth of the statement made in the previous sentence, it may be noted that the value of the fruit exported in 1879 was £40,166, and in 1892 it had risen to £315,000. So, too, with the educational and social condition of the people, much as there is still to be done and to be undone, to be learned and to be unlearned, there are on all sides, plainly visible, signs of progress and advancement, healthy signs, too, of a progress which has only just begun, but which will not stop until it reaches permanent prosperity. Another change, too, has come over Jamaica. It has long since ceased to be a yellow-fever bed and the favoured camping-ground of malaria. The growth of medical knowledge, and of sanitary science, and the application of common sense, and the lessons of daily experience have proved that life may be lived healthily, usefully, actively, enjoyably in Jamaica as well as in any other part of the world. There is work that can be done by those who can, or must work. There is enough sport to attract the sportsman, who is not ambitious after big game. There is a wealth of flowers, ferns and foliage, of tropical and sub-tropical vegetable life. If art has done little, nature has done much to allure and attract those who seek ease and enjoyment. The genial warmth of the plains will prolong the life of the consumptive, while on the hills can be found air as bracing and breezes as invigorating as any that can be found in more well-known health resorts.

The visitor to Jamaica sees much that is externally beautiful and historically interesting before the ship which brings him to this fair Island is anchored alongside one of the wharves, which line the northern shore of Kingston harbour. From the time when the Blue Mountain range comes into view and the steamer passes the Morant Point Lighthouse, the traveller, within one or two weeks of snow and damp, and warm overcoats and fur-lined gloves, can lounge on deck and feast



A BIT OF KINGSTON HARBOUR.

of the quaintly-shaped Sugar-Loaf Hill, whence a pilot is wont to come on board ; of the remains of an old Spanish fortification, after which he soon reaches the narrow neck of land which runs for some four or five miles parallel to the shore on which stands the City of Kingston and which makes the Kingston harbour one of the safest and most splendid in the world. About midway on this neck of land—called the Palisades or Palisadoes—is Plumb Point Lighthouse and at the western extremity is situated the town of Port Royal. Rounding Port Royal the steamer sails across the harbour and pulls up alongside its wharf in Kingston.

his eyes on a succession of scenes as picturesque and as dazzling in their beauty and varied charms as are to be seen anywhere in or out of the tropics. There are the rock-bound shore, the level beach, plains running down to the sea, gloomy lagoons and thick jungles of vegetable growth, broken here and there by river courses or dry ravines, while in the background are to be seen mountains and hills differing in height from the modest hillock by the beach to the stately Blue Mountain Peak in the distant centre of the Island, the whole covered either with careful cultivation or with the reckless luxuriance of tropical life. Passing Morant Bay, the scene of the unhappy disturbances in 1865, he catches a glimpse of sugar estates, notable among which is that of Albion, with its waving sugar-canies, its feathery palms, its little Coolie colony;

The City of Kingston has had an exciting and eventful history. Many of the survivors of the 1692 earthquake at Port Royal settled on the sea-board of the Liguanea plain, and Kingston is the gradual out-growth of that settlement. Its progress, though slow at first, was accelerated in 1703 by a fire which completely destroyed the revived Port Royal and which drove many of the unfortunate inhabitants of the latter town to try their fortunes in Kingston.

If, however, Kingston owed its origin to the misfortunes of Port Royal, it has not been without its own share of troubles. Earthquake and hurricane have done their dire work at times, but fire has been Kingston's most persistent foe, the years 1780, 1843, 1862 and 1882 being the most calamitous. Bearing in mind then that for more than half a century—we may almost say for more than a century—no generation of Kingstonians has been without its recollection of devastating, destructive fire, it is not to be wondered at that the city, as it now stands, presents few features of architectural interest and contains few buildings of magnificent proportions. The city is constructed after the chess-board fashion of modern cities, the streets and lanes being parallel, or at right angles, to each other. In the centre of the city is the Kingston Parade Garden, a square of ten acres, neatly, but somewhat profusely, laid out with shade-giving and ornamental trees, many of which are interesting to botanists, and novel and curious to visitors from colder climes. The Gardens contain fountains and tanks where may be seen choice specimens of water lilies and other aquatic plants, and they are tolerably supplied with lounging seats.

Architecturally, the most striking building in Kingston is the Mico Institution. The story of the foundation of this Institution takes us back into the regions of romance two hundred years ago. There lived at that time a widow lady, whose husband, Sir Samuel Mico, had been Lord Mayor of London. A niece of Lady Mico lived with her as companion and was engaged to be married to a nephew of Lady Mico, who had promised to settle £2,000 on the couple when they were married. The marriage, however, did not take place, the lady preferring to run away with a military officer, and the £2,000 remaining in Lady Mico's possession. While these events were going on and some years afterwards, a good deal of excitement and indignation prevailed in England at the treatment which Christian captives received at the hands of Algerian pirates who kidnapped them and made them work as slaves. Among the sympathisers with these unhappy persons was Lady Mico, in whose will may be read the following words—"Whare as I gave Samuel Mico two thousand pounde when he had married one of my neeces but not performeing it I give one of the said thousand pounde to redeeme poor slaves which I would have put out as my executrix think be the best for a yearly revenew to redeem some yearly." Before this bequest was available by Lady Mico's death, Algerian piracy had been suppressed and its victims had been released. The money was invested by Order of the Court of Chancery in freehold property in London which so increased in value that in 1834 the Trust was worth more



STREET VIEW, KINGSTON.

vegetables, brought down overnight, mainly on women's heads, from distant parts of the Island. The noise, the bustle, the clatter of tongues, the seeming confusion, the spontaneous out-flow of good nature all combine to make a visit to a Kingston market, especially on Saturday morning, a sight and a scene which will not readily be forgotten. Of the two Kingston markets the Victoria Market is situated at the southern end of King Street, and may be reached by tram from almost any part of the city. It is a handsome and spacious building, conveniently arranged both for purchasers and for sellers, within a few yards of the public landing-place on the North-shore of the harbour, and therefore exposed to the refreshing sea-breeze which cools the

than £120,000. Suggestions as to the appropriation of this money had been made from time to time, but nothing was done until in the year above-mentioned (1834,) at the instigation of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, it was decided that it might be legitimately devoted to the Christian undenominational education of West Indian children. The Mico Institution in Hanover Street, Kingston, is one of the consequences of this decision. It consists of a handsome and substantial block of buildings, containing a Training College for upwards of fifty resident students in preparation for the profession of school-master and a day-school for 300 pupils.

The Kingston Markets are well worth a visit. Here may be seen turtle, meat, poultry, fish, many of which are remarkable for the startling beauty of their colour, together with heaps of tropical fruits and

heated town. The other market is to the west of the Parade Gardens, and was built in 1887, and called the Jubilee Market in commemoration of the fiftieth year of the Queen's Accession.

The Court House in Harbour Street, though externally unlovely, is not without its points of interest. Persons accustomed to the small and badly-ventilated English Courts will be pleasantly surprised at the dimensions of the Jamaica Court room. On the walls of the Court House are two striking and well-executed paintings of Sir Joshua Rowe and Sir Bryan Edwards, two former dispensers of justice in the colony.

In the same building are situated the offices of the Registrar and the Supreme Court Library, together with the office assigned to other officials connected with the administration of the law. The Library, in addition to a valuable collection of law reports, contains several documents of more than ordinary interest. Many ancient documents were destroyed by the earthquake of 1692, after which date the higher Courts were held either at Spanish Town or at Kingston. There is, however, at the Court House the register of the Chancellor's Court at Port Royal containing an entry to the effect that news having reached Port Royal announcing the death of His Majesty, Charles II., and the accession to the throne of His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany under the name of James II., the Court would adjourn for two weeks. But the greatest curiosity of all is a bundle of papers which have a history stranger than the most far-fetched conception of the most imaginative writer of fiction. In the year 1799 the brig "Nancy" was captured by the British cutter "Sparrow" and brought into Port Royal, the officers and crew being on trial in the Kingston Vice-Admiralty Court for piracy. No papers were found on the "Nancy," and for want of evidence which they would have supplied, the prosecution was on the point of breaking down. About this time the man-of-war "Abergavenny" was anchored off Jacmel, in Haiti, and the officers were serving their country by fishing for sharks. One of these sharks being caught, the sailors cut it open and in its belly was found a bundle of papers. Sailing for Kingston soon after, the bundle of papers was sent on shore by the captain who knew nothing of the capture of the "Nancy." They arrived while the trial for piracy was going on, and on investigation, were found to be the missing papers of the "Nancy," which had been thrown overboard to prevent their being used, and which were presented in Court in time to be used for securing the conviction and subsequent hanging of the crew of pirates.

The Institute of Jamaica in East Street is both a Museum and a Library. Unfortunately, it is too small for its purposes, and consequently its usefulness is somewhat interfered with. The Library is well stocked with standard books and contains a really valuable collection of books and pamphlets bearing on the history and natural productions of the West Indies. A Portrait Gallery of Jamaican celebrities is being gradually made complete, and lectures on literary and scientific subjects are frequently



THE WOMEN'S SELF-HELP SOCIETY.

and also one of the old iron cages in which in days gone by criminals were enclosed and suspended on trees to die of exposure and starvation.

The Women's Self-help Society, apart from the philanthropic purposes for which it was founded and which it serves, is well stocked with fans, d'oyleys and other articles gracefully designed and carefully executed. Its premises in Church are conveniently situated and may reasonably be considered a small museum of works of art and taste.

Various religious sects have their places of worship in Kingston, but none of them claim to be grand or great specimens

given. Like the Library, the Museum suffers from its insufficient size. It contains, however, many objects of much interest which well repay inspection. Among these is a collection illustrative of the geology of the Island, made by the officers of the Geological Survey between the years 1860 and 1866. A collection of specimens of Jamaica woods fills one small room. The herbarium contains complete sets of the ferns, the grasses, the sedges, and the orchids of Jamaica. There are also well-preserved specimens of the shells, fishes, birds, reptiles and insects of the Island. The archaeological section contains curious relics of the Indian population disturbed by Columbus and exterminated by the Spaniards, the bell of the old Port Royal Church submerged by the 1692 earthquake and subsequently rescued by divers,

of ecclesiastical architecture. The Presbyterian Kirk in East Queen Street and the Wesleyan Chapel adjoining it, and known as the Coke Chapel, in memory of Dr. Coke, an eminent and honored Methodist missionary a hundred years ago, are perhaps the best and most complete to look at. The Roman Catholic Church, or pro cathedral, is undergoing enlargement and, when finished, will be a handsome structure. Almost opposite to this last named building is a striking and ornate Jewish Synagogue. The first place, however, must be given to the old Kingston Parish Church, the bright and cheerful interior of which atones for its somewhat sombre exterior. Within the walls of the Parish Church and near the communion rails, are buried all that could perish of Admiral Benbow, who died in Kingston in the year 1702.

Until within the last few years, the insufficiency of hotel and boarding accommodation was a great drawback in Kingston. Any ground for complaint of this sort has to a great extent been removed. In addition to numerous boarding houses, most of which are clean and comfortable, and the most prominent of which is at Park Lodge and at Streadwick's Marine Gardens, there are substantially built and fully-equipped hotels at Myrtle Bank, on the northern shore of the Harbour, in Heywood Street in the centre of the city, and at Constant Spring in the neighbouring Parish of St. Andrew, about six miles from Kingston, with which it is connected by tram-lines. Both Myrtle Bank and Constant Spring hotels are spacious and well-conducted establishments. The former is almost in the centre of the business portion of Kingston, while the latter is removed from the heat and glare of the streets of a tropical town. In addition to the ordinary conveniences of hotels, both Myrtle Bank and Constant Spring are provided with large swimming baths.

Kingston also possesses its theatre, its race course, its clubs, some connected with sport, others existing for social purposes. The Jamaica Club in Hanover Street always welcomes strangers heartily; the Royal Jamaica Yacht Club has commodious quarters in the east of the city; the Society of Agriculture and Commerce has its home in Harbour Street, and its table is well supplied with the latest English and American papers.

The small, but once wealthy and important town of Port Royal stands at the Western extremity of the narrow peninsula, called the Palisades, which separates Kingston Harbour from the open sea. Looking at Port Royal at the present day it is difficult to understand how it could once have deserved the description of being "the finest town in the West Indies and at that time the richest spot in the universe." Earthquake, fire and storm have done their work on the town and more peaceful ways and customs have put a stop to buccaneering and other means of acquiring unlawful wealth. The greatest calamity which has ever befallen Port Royal was the earthquake on the 17th of June, 1692, which submerged the greater part of the town. This dreadful event has often been described, or perhaps we should say that a description of it written by the



CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL, KINGSTON.

is still the tomb of Lewis Gally, - who was swallowed up by the earthquake and by another shock, thrown into the sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him and much lamented at his death." The ruins of old Port Royal are even yet visible in clear weather from the surface of the waters under which they lie and relics are often procured by divers on exploring the ruins. The greater part of the present town of Port Royal is occupied by the quarters of the naval and military troops, and by batteries and other means of defence. It is reached from Kingston by steam launch or by other boats.

clergyman at Port Royal, who was among the survivors of the earthquake, has often been quoted and adapted by subsequent historians and writers. The following extract from the Hand-book of Jamaica summarises the terrible catastrophe:—

"Whole streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which when shut upon them squeezed the people to death, and in that manner several were left with their heads above ground and others covered with dust and earth by the people who remained in the place. It was a sad sight to see the harbour covered with dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial, for the burying place was destroyed by the earthquake, which dashed to pieces tombs and the sea washed the carcasses of those who had been buried out of their graves."

To the North of Kingston is the **Parish of St. Andrew**, the lower portion of which may be regarded as a suburb of Kingston, for here, within easy reach of office or store, are the homes of many of the leading commercial and professional men.

The tram car from the Victoria Market terminus runs in a northerly direction about seven and one-half miles from Kingston, passing through the pretty village of Halfway-Tree and stopping at Constant Spring. Halfway-Tree has its Court House and Market and a beautifully restored Parish Church, which is quite worth seeing as a model of what can be done by good taste and religious devotion. The central East window of the Church is a memorial of Dr. Aubrey Spencer, second Bishop of Jamaica. In the middle is a representation of the Ascension of Jesus Christ, on either side of which are side lights, that on the right depicting tropical scenery suggestive of the Bishop's connection with Jamaica, and that on the left showing an Arctic scene commemorative of his occupancy of the See of Newfoundland from which he was translated to Jamaica. To the North of this middle window, and also at the East end, is a window in memory of Dr. Charles Campbell, a late doctor in Kingston, equally renowned for his philanthropy and his professional skill: this window appropriately contains representations of St. Luke, the Medico-Evangelist, the Healing of the Paralytic and the Good Samaritan. The corresponding window on the South perpetuates the memory of the piety and good works of the Doctor's brother, the late Venerable Archdeacon Campbell, and represents the Adoration of the Magi, the Resurrection and the Washing the Disciples' Feet. Monuments and memorial tablets of departed Governors and local celebrities are to be found both in the Church and in the church yard. Passing the Constant Spring Hotel which has already been mentioned, we come to the foot of Stony Hill. At the top of Stony Hill we are 1,425 feet above the level of the sea, and the difference of climate between it and the lowlands is very perceptible, though the distance between the summit of the hill and Kingston is only nine miles. Here is the private residence of the present Bishop of Jamaica and a block of buildings which were formerly the military encampment for white troops, but which are now the premises of the Government Reformatory for boys. Beyond Stony Hill to the left hand side of the road, we soon reach a wide stretch of land, devoted to the cultivation of tobacco and largely inhabited by Cubans: this tobacco has a very high reputation, and there are not wanting connoisseurs who prefer it to the choicest brands of Cuban growth. On certain days, and under atmospheric conditions, during the curing season the traveller, journeying from Kingston across the Island, may inhale for some considerable time the unadulterated flavour of the finest tobacco. The road—which is known as the Junction Road—then continues down hill till it reaches the confines of the Parish of St. Mary and terminates at the little sea-port town of Annotto Bay. On this road, nineteen miles from Kingston and eleven miles from Annotto Bay, are the Castleton Gardens. Castleton is in St. Mary's Parish, but on account of its accessibility to Kingston



PORT ROYAL.

ering trees, the Java Upas tree, the Rayenalia Madagascariense, commonly known as the Traveller's Tree of Madagascar, a tree from which a cold drink can be extracted at any minute the whole year round. Along side the Eastern boundary of the Gardens flows the Wag Water River, on the Western bank of which is a groto, convenient for picnic parties, shaded by the foliage of trees and protected by overhanging rocks. The average annual rainfall at Castleton is more than 108 inches and therefore, on the occasion of a visit there, it is wise to be provided with umbrellas and waterproofs.

Another road from Kingston is that which leads through Gordon Town to Newcastle and the St. Andrew's Hills. Passing

and St. Andrew is more properly mentioned here. A double buggy from Kingston to the Gardens and back can be hired for 30s. These Gardens contain a large collection of native and tropical plants, and no one ought to leave Jamaica without visiting them. Their chief features are the palmetum, a collection of economic, spice and fruit trees, a fine collection of East Indian and West Indian orchids, an experimental ground for new industrial plants, and large nurseries containing cacao, rubber plants, nutmeg, clove, peppers, mango, vanilla, cardamum, sarsaparilla, Liberian coffee, etc., etc. Apart from industrial plants, Castleton Gardens contain such interesting Botanical specimens as, among others, the splendid *Victoria Regia* (the Water Lily of the Amazon), the *Amherstia Nobilis*, the most magnificent of ornamental flow-

the Jamaica High School for boys, the University College and the Hope Gardens, a newly founded Government Institution, the road plunges into a gorge that is thoroughly characteristic of Jamaica mountain scenery. On the one hand a precipitous bank of ferns and wild-flowers and patches of guinea grass, now and then a boulder of dark grey rock cropping out, with sheltering clumps of moss and fern in its niches and hollows. On the other hand, a hundred feet below, the Hope River roars along over its bed of smooth boulders and brown gravel. The road winds sharply in and out, following the contour of the hills, and guarded at nearly every turn by strong retaining walls from the dangers of the precipice that overhangs the river. Higher and higher it mounts: cottages dot the hillside: ferns and begonias cluster thicker: the air is fresher and more bracing and our spirits rise involuntarily. Then after an hour's brisk drive from Kingston the village of Gordon Town is reached, where there is just enough room for a straggling row of houses between the mountain at the back and the river at the foot of the precipice in front.

Beyond Gordon Town progress must be made either on foot or on horseback, the mountain track being too narrow and too steep for buggy or carriage.

Reaching Newcastle and looking southward the visitor will be rewarded for his climb with a magnificent view of the Liguanea Plain, the Town and Harbour of Kingston, and the sea beyond to a far horizon; while to the north, east and west, tower the slopes and crests of the Blue Mountains. A walk along any of the numerous paths across the slopes and leading to the ridges above will repay him with an endless wealth of ferns, orchids and wild flowers, and he will be reminded of home by the wild strawberries nestling in the hollows along the banks.

The highest point of this range is the Blue Mountain Peak, 7,500 feet above sea level, the journey to which should be a two days' trip, spending the night in the hut on the top of the Peak. Provisions will have to be laid in, and guides can be procured who will also act as porters.

The road mounts ridge after ridge, winding down steep mountain sides, crossing the streams that rush down every gorge, skirting along the slopes and mounting over the tops of the intervening hills, and now and then leaving one valley and following the course of another.

An easy ride of about four hours brings us to Farm Hill Coffee Plantation, where the keys of the hut on the Summit of the Peak and useful information about the road, or the weather, or the water supply may be obtained.

Leaving Farm Hill the road winds along past Whitfield Hall to Abbey Green, whose houses and terraces of solid masonry are perched on slopes of such surpassing steepness that they appear in imminent danger of tumbling headlong into



CASTLETON GARDENS.

can be produced so cheaply, the Cinchona plant runs wild and self-sown, growing in rank thickets on many a misty slope of the Blue Mountain.

On reaching the top, about two hours after leaving Farm Hill, we find a small open space covered with short springy turf and fringed with stunted trees. At one side of it stands a little hut of two rooms, where accommodations for the night may be had. There is a stove and a supply of firewood, which you may use, provided you replace the latter on leaving—a most rigidly observed point of Peak etiquette. To the south of the hut there is a narrow track leading down a precipitous

the abyss that lies beneath them. Behind this the road zig-zags up the steep side of the mountain, threading its course between fields of coffee, some of them of such venerable age that many of the coffee bushes have assumed the appearance of dwarfed trees from the constant lopping and priming, with trunks from six to nine inches in diameter, and a height of only four feet or thereabout.

The leaves of the Cinchona, blotched with scarlet, now add their quota of colour to the scene; for we are leaving the coffee region behind and entering upon the elevation at which this useful febrifuge best flourishes. Hundreds of acres were planted here some fifteen years ago, and should have been a mine of wealth to the growers; but, now that artificial quinine

ravine, near which is a small pool of water sufficient for one's absolute needs. Should the weather however have been abnormally dry this may fail, and in such seasons the wise traveller will bring drinking water with him.

The thermometer at early morning is frequently down to forty degrees Fahrenheit : on a recent occasion, during the cold wave of February, 1886, solid ice was found there.

The weather should of course be carefully considered, as on that depends entirely the success of the expedition : and it should be remembered that the annual rainfall at the Peak amounts to about 130 inches. The calm, clear weather prevailing about the time of the vernal and autumnal equinoxes will be found the most favourable for the ascent.

Other places of interest in the Parish of St. Andrew are the King's House, the official residence of the Governor, the grounds of which are beautifully laid out, and the Up-Park Camp Barracks, about one and one-half miles north of Kingston, the head-quarters of the West Indian Regiment. The military band plays once a week in the evening and occasionally in the afternoon, and the Camp is a favourite resort for lovers of music.

To the East of Kingston is the **Parish of St. Thomas**. For any one who has time to drive round the Island and to see what of Jamaica can be seen in a flying visit, a leisurely journey along the main coast road of the Island is an enjoyable experience. There are varieties of scenery, life, character : there are good roads and entertainments varying from good to moderate. To take this tour is perhaps the best way of seeing Jamaica, to follow its track may be the best way of illustrating and describing Jamaica. Let us start in an easterly direction from Kingston and drive in turn through the country parishes.

Kingston is soon left behind, the road passing between rows of detached villas, each with its garden bright with roses, and crotons and tropical flowers which bloom so brightly and luxuriantly that one can almost fancy they enjoy the pleasure of existence. Soon we are by the shore of the harbour and pass Rock Fort and Brighton Beach and the Head of the Harbour. Rock Fort is picturesque to look at, but obsolete and useless as a means of defence against modern artillery.

After about an hour's drive the Falls River is reached. There is, however, no river to be seen, but the dry bed of a water-course fringed with unsightly bush, mostly of a thorny description. But those who are equal to the task of leaving their buggy and walking a mile or so up the ravine to where it emerges from those volcanic rocks that frown down upon it, will find a stream of crystal water. Following the rocky path cut along one side of it they arrive at the foot of a romantic looking waterfall, roaring down a cañon whose adamant walls tower hundreds of feet above.

This spot and its neighbourhood are historically interesting as having been the haunt, about one hundred and twenty years



ROARING RIVER.

the white sails of coasting vessels or fishing canoes. And so on down the steep Four Mile Wood Hill and along the edge of a mangrove swamp until Allion I state is reached, the bright green of whose rustling cane fields forms a pleasing contrast to the sombre tone of the forest vegetation. A few miles beyond Allion is the village of Yallahs, the principal object of interest in which is the old church, the first erected on the Island after its occupation by the English. It is solidly built, but simple and unpretentious in architecture.

About a mile and a half beyond Yallahs the Salt Ponds are reached, sheets of stagnant brackish water, teeming with fish.

ago, of Three-Fingered Jack, whose exploits have found their way into English melodrama. He was a notorious negro highwayman, for dread of whom travellers refrained from passing along this road after dark. A price was set by the Government upon his head, and the reward was earned by a Maroon, who killed him and brought into Head-quarters the deformed hand that gave the robber his appellation, as proof positive of his achievement.

Leaving the Falls River the road crosses the spurs of the Blue Mountain Range that here fall abruptly into the sea. From the summits of some of these, as the road swings sharply round the head of a ravine, exquisite little glimpses are obtained between the hills of Port Royal, the Palisades, Kingston Harbour, and the distant heights beyond, with deep blue water in the foreground studded with

and swarming with alligators, of which latter the traveller is sure to see one or two floating with snout and tail projecting above the surface of the water at almost any time of the day. Passing these, the scenery, which, but for the bold and ever changing outline of the hills on the north, is rather monotonous, begins to improve.

We pass through one or two villages, with tall and graceful cocoanut palms and fruit trees overshadowing the thatched huts, and knots of happy little urchins playing by the roadside. Crimson poinsettia and flowering hibiscus brighten the hedges; and soon we approach the sea shore again, along which we skirt for nearly four miles, while on the left springs of fresh water gush out of the rocks, and at one spot a waterfall comes tumbling into the road.

Now, the laughter of women and children rings out, bathing or washing clothes in the stream, or filling their cans and calabashes with water. Then a stretch of wide common opens up dotted with browsing sheep and cattle, houses and estates; buildings stand out against the background of the beautiful hills, and Belvidere Estate is passed, the original owner of which was Robert Freeman, the first Speaker of the first House of Assembly in Jamaica.

Passing through a forest of bananas, we come out into the course of the Morant River, where the many tracks that the water has torn up are bordered by beds of wild cane waving their silken plumes. Here and there a massive trunk, torn from the forest higher up, lies prostrate, witness of the fury of the swollen torrent. Looking up northwards are to be seen the encircling sweep of the hills, and the Peaks of the Blue Mountains towering over all.

A mile beyond this is the town of Morant Bay, which has an unenviable notoriety as being the seat of the disturbances of 1865. Here one's attention is attracted by the sign of American enterprise in the wharf and buildings of the Boston Fruit Co., whose business has an important branch here. The Court House and the Square are objects of melancholy interest, the former being built upon the foundations of the old building destroyed by the rioters in 1865, while the square was the scene of much of the punishment that accompanied the retribution.

A visit to Morant Bay will not be complete without a run up the Blue Mountain Valley, one of the most charming bits of scenery to be found in the whole Island of Jamaica, as far as Serge Island Estate. This place will be found to combine the highest class of cane cultivation with the most improved methods of sugar manufacture: while its red roofed "great house" is a fine specimen of old Jamaica architecture. Add to these a beautiful and tastefully laid out garden, where tropical plants and those of more temperate regions are made to grow side by side in bewildering variety, surrounded by a wealth of ferns and orchids, and you have a perfectly ideal tropical demesne, even without the incomparable background of bold forest clad mountain range and towering peaks in which it nestles.



ON THE ROAD TO GORDON TOWN.

the ever frequent stream is crossed, now by bridge, now by ford, now small, now large, until we reach the Plantain Garden River, which, rising far away in the recesses of the Blue Mountains, flows from west to east, and discharges itself into the sea at Holland Bay to the north of the Morant Point Lighthouse. It traverses in its course a plain bounded on the north by the precipitous slope of the Blake Mountains—until recently known as the John Crow Mountains—and on the south by a range of low hills which divide it from the sea on that side. This plain it covers, when in flood, with alluvial deposit from the hills above, thus making the Plantain Garden River district one of the most fertile spots on the Island.

Seven miles beyond Morant Bay is situated the shipping place of Port Morant. Town, properly speaking, there is none, in spite of the safe and almost land-locked harbour. But considerable business is done here in the fruit trade, this being the head-quarters on the south side of the Island of the Boston Fruit Co. Their wharves and offices are at the east side of the harbour, where the depth is great enough for steamers of 2,000 tons to moor alongside in perfectly smooth water. Along the road hither, if it be the day of the arrival of a fruit steamer, will be met spring carts and wagons, all laden with the luscious banana.

The road now leaves the coast and turns toward the little town of Bath. The scenery becomes more and more tropical and the vegetation richer and richer. Gorgeous shrubs line the roadside,

About a quarter of a mile further, after fording a tributary of the Plantain Garden River, we find ourselves at a sudden turn of the road in the town of Bath, the approach to which is by an avenue in which Otaheite apple trees predominate, interspersed with ackees, mangoes and cotton trees.

The glory has departed from Bath, as from many another Jamaica town. But the mineral waters, to which it owes its existence, are still there. They are worth visiting on account of the natural beauty of their situation, and the sufferer from rheumatism, or any ailment of a cutaneous nature, will here find relief, if not ultimate cure.

The way to them lies along a narrow gorge bordered with fern and moss and creepers covering the dark grey rock and almost hiding from view the river rushing along below. Tree ferns spread abroad their arching fronds, and the air is fragrant and heavy with moisture, for it is a veritable hot-house of nature. Sudden showers of rain are apt to come pelting down, a danger which has been provided against by the erection, at intervals of half a mile, of zinc-roofed sheds over the road. From out the rocks above, tiny streamlets trickle across into the river beneath, some hot, some cold, and high over all nods the graceful bamboo with its whispering leaves. A mile and a half of this enchanted road brings us to the Baths, which are wedged in between the hillside and the river bank. The springs that supply them with hot and cold water bubble out of the rocks higher up within a few feet of each other, the hot one at a temperature of 130 degrees Fahrenheit. The following is the analysis of the water:

Chloride of Sodium,	- - - -	13.84	Carbonate of Soda,	- - - -	1.69
Chloride of Potassium,	- - - -	0.32	Silica,	- - - -	2.72
Sulphate of Calcium,	- - - -	5.01	Oxide of sodium, combined with silica,	-	1.00
Sulphate of Soda,	- - - -	6.37	Organic matter,	- - - -	0.99

The above being the proportion to one gallon of water.

There is accommodation for visitors at Bath, but much requires to be done in the way of increasing and improving the accommodation, before the virtues of the mineral springs are as widely used and appreciated as they ought to be.

In the river, above the baths, are deep pools and foaming cascades of most exquisite beauty. The curative properties of the springs are said to have been accidentally discovered by a slave in the early part of the last century.

In the year 1774 a botanic garden was established at Bath, of which now only about an acre remains: sadly neglected, but containing some magnificent specimens of ornamental and economic trees transported hither from other lands. Here flourishes and flowers, although almost uprooted by hurricane, a solitary *Amherstia nobilis*. Great tangles of knotted vine,



GORDON TOWN.

the by-gone sugar industry still standing among the broad leaves, teams of cattle toiling along before the plough, and the river here and there gleaming out from its fringe of rustling bamboos.

But this soon fades from sight, and, reaching the top of the hill we are presently on a breezy upland where the road is scarcely discernible, and the telegraphic posts are almost the only guide across the short, crisp turf, sweetened by the spray flung over it by the incoming breakers from the open sea.

Passing the clean little town of Manchamou, scene of some of the exploits recorded in "Tom Cringle's Log," embowered

vanilla among them, clasp the branches of the *Spathodea* and *Barringtonia* in their embrace, forming a canopy under which palms, rattans, dracænas, irises and a legion of others rankly grow. But chief of all is the gigantic *coco de mer*, the palm that takes seventy years to arrive at maturity, and under any one leaf of which a dozen men could find perfect shelter from the heaviest shower of rain.

Leaving Bath we drive along a level road through the Plantain Garden River Plain, where banana cultivation is largely carried on.

It is a noble view that unfolds itself to the gaze, as, after a drive of six miles, the traveller begins the ascent of the Quaw Hill, and turning round sees this fruitful land stretched out below, banana fields alternating with pasture land, the tall chimneys and white works, relics of

in cocoanut palms that grow down to the very edge of the land locked little harbour, after a few miles of romantic scenery, a turn of the road reveals the east harbour of Port Antonio, the chief town in the **Parish of Portland**. An outjutting promontory of coral rock, carpeted with green turf, divides the bay into two harbours. On this spit of land stands the picturesque remains of an ancient Fort, and behind it the old barracks. From the further margin of each harbour the hills rise step by step, profusely covered with tropical vegetation and plumed with many a tall cocoanut, among which the white walls and the green windows and the red roofs of the houses look out seawards. Behind these again mount ridge upon ridge of the Blue Mountain Range right up into the clouds that hang round the Peaks. Outside the mouth of the harbour white crested waves break against the iron rock on which the red lighthouse is perched. The vessel comes bounding in on the swell, rushing apparently to certain destruction, when, suddenly swinging under the lee of the Island that guards the mouth of the west harbour, she glides along on even keel over the unruffled surface of this harbour till she anchors alongside one of the wharves, where two or three steamers are generally to be seen taking in fruit for the American market.

For here are the head-quarters of the Boston Fruit Co., whose enterprise has, it may almost be said, saved the two most easterly parishes of the Island from reverting, sugar being extinct, to the condition of primeval forest. The American visitor might well fancy himself in some town in the Southern States in his native land—American vessels in the harbour, American boats scudding about the bay, and American wagons rattling along the street.

The head offices of the Boston Fruit Co. are at Long Wharf, Boston, Mass., and they despatch two steamers weekly thence and from Baltimore. Their vessels being primarily intended for the fruit trade, the passenger accommodation is necessarily limited; but eight or ten can be carried conveniently at the very reasonable rates of \$60.00 for a return ticket from Boston, and \$50.00 from Baltimore. The passage is made in five and a half or six days.

If the tourist should choose this means of reaching Jamaica he will never forget the entrance to Port Antonio Harbour, especially if he should chance to arrive at early morning or towards sunset.

Among the places of interest to be visited in the neighbourhood the magnificent banana plantations at Golden Vale and Seaman's Valley are the chief. The effect of many hundred acres of broad shining leaves glistening in the sun, row upon row, with the virgin forest of the mountain ridges for a background, and the broad bosom of the Rio Grande, the second largest river in the Island, gleaming in front, cannot be surpassed anywhere.

From Port Antonio the route lies westward along the north coast of the Island, passing the little towns of Hope Bay and Buff Bay. Still roars the sea on the right, open bay giving place to quiet cove, and occasionally a bit of mangrove



AT DRY HARBOUR.

by the way, he may do a great deal worse than try a water cocoanut. That means an *inripe* cocoanut, in which the meat is of such texture that it may be scooped out and eaten with a spoon—and the water of which has a most pleasingly palatable flavour. If it be early in the day, the temperature of this is sure to be several degrees lower than that of any other fluid that he is likely to be able to procure along the road. The contemplated extension of the Jamaica railway as far as Port Antonio will, when effected, make the towns along this road independent of the weather, which now, during the "northern" season, often interferes very seriously with the fruit trade on account of the unprotected state of the harbours facing the north.

swamp, where the tall trees stand up on stilts of arched roots between which oozes sluggish black water. Myriads of queerly shaped crabs scurry across the road. They appear to have concentrated all their energies on the development of one enormous claw, which, carried defiantly across the face, wide open, is in absurd disproportion to the rest of the structure. These breaks in the chain only give one greater zest for the enjoyment of the next bit of coral beach and cocoanut-fringed emerald water.

And wherever cultivation is practicable there grow bananas. We pass also through two or three of the largest cocoanut plantations in the Island, and witness abundant signs of the importance of the banana and the cocoanut in the welfare of the population of this neighbourhood. If the tourist should happen to be thirsty

About eight miles beyond Buff Bay, the western boundary of the Parish of Portland is passed, and we enter the classic ground of **St. Mary**, around which cluster a hundred memories of Columbus and the Spanish occupation.

The first town reached is Annotto Bay, the situation of which is suggestive of moisture and malaria, owing to the fact that three or four rivers here find their way into the sea. Judging, however, from official statistics, Annotto Bay is by no means so unhealthy as might be expected. It is a prosperous little town and a growing centre of the fruit trade.

Proceeding westward along the coast, Port Maria is reached—Port Maria, the probable Santa Gloria of Columbus. This is a flourishing town, with its Church, Court House and Hospital all in good order and in creditable condition. It has a fairly good harbour and has not been without its share of the banana prosperity. Near the Church is the Victoria Market, built in 1887, in commemoration of the Jubilee of the Queen's Accession. On a promontory, overlooking the harbour, is a building formerly known as Fort Haldane, from which a wide-reaching view on either side may be obtained, a view including the town and harbour, neighbouring estates with their varied cultivation together with Cabrietta Island, a reef which acts as a breakwater and protection to the harbour. The Fort is now devoted to more peaceful uses than its name implies, being the home of Gray's Charity, an almshouse where shelter and means of living are provided for a certain number of the poor of the Parish of St. Mary.

Some miles to the west of Port Maria is Oracabessa Bay, on the shores of which Christopher Columbus probably first landed in Jamaica on the fifth day of May, 1494. This interesting little place bears a good character as a health resort and bananas are shipped from its safe little harbour. Beyond Oracabessa is Rio Nuevo, another place of note in the history of the Colony. It was here that the Spaniards, taking advantage of the distress and disorganization of the British troops, attempted to regain possession of the Island. On a rocky eminence near the sea at Rio Nuevo, Don Christopher Sasia, with upwards of 1,000 men, occupied what he considered an impregnable fortress. Here the Spaniards were attacked by the British and after a desperate fight were defeated with terrible loss of life.

At the north of this parish is Scott's Hall, one of the Maroon towns, not far from which is Job's Hill, where some valuable copper ore was found in 1852. An unsuccessful attempt to work a copper mine was made—the failure being due not to the absence of the mineral so much as to the employment of a wrong method of working.

The Parish of St. Mary is memorable in the history of Jamaica as having been the scene of a formidable outbreak among the slaves in the year 1760. The insurgents were under the command of two Africans, named Tacky and Jamaica, through whose veins ran the fierce Cormantyn blood, and the former of whom had held high rank in his native country before being



MONTEGO BAY.

troops, the militia and hurriedly-called volunteers were quickly on the track of the rebels who, after a desperate struggle, were defeated with much loss of life. Lackey himself was shot by a Maroon, of the other ringleaders one was burnt and two were hung in chains, and a large number of the rank and file were transported to the Bay of Honduras.

Leaving Ocho Rios, the road crosses the White River, and we enter the Parish of St. Ann, the "Garden of Jamaica," the loveliness and charm of which have, time after time, proved to be beyond the power of the pen of historians, travellers and descriptive writers. Let us quote some of these:

exiled into slavery. On the evening of Easter Sunday a party of slaves marched into Port Maria and seized the almost unprotected fort and magazine, thereby obtaining possession of arms and ammunition. On the following day they were joined by bands of fellow-conspirators from neighbouring estates and marched towards the interior of the Island, plundering Heywood Hall, Esher and other estates and killing the white inhabitants. They retired for rest and safety to Ballard's Valley, where they began to enjoy, in wild revellings and reckless carousals, the fruits of a victory which was not as yet within their grasp. For their plot was revealed by one Yankee, who has been called "a faithful slave," a term which, while including faithfulness to his owner, certainly involves treachery to his comrades and fellow countrymen. The regular

First of all Peter Martyr, to whom we are indebted for so much information relative to the early settlement of these regions, and who is said to have resided in the Abbey of Sevilla Nueva in St. Ann, speaks of sending a household servant to "looke into ye affaires of my Paradisian Jamaica." Then Bryan Edwards says: "When Columbus first discovered Jamaica he approached it on the northside, and beholding that part of the country which now constitutes the Parish of St. Ann, he was filled with delight and admiration at the novelty, variety and beauty of the prospect."

But Hill, in his "Lights and Shadows of Jamaica History," rises above them all to the height of positive rhapsody. "Earth," he says, "has nothing more lovely than the pastures and pimento groves of St. Ann, nothing more enchanting than its hills and vales, delicious in verdure and redolent with the fragrance of spices. Embellished with wood and water, from the deep forests, from whence the streams descend to the ocean in falls, the blue haze of the air blends and harmonizes all into beauty."

And truly it is a fair country. Here is the home of the fragrant pimento, more generally known as allspice, Jamaica's unique and indigenous product. Silver stems, crowned with dark leaves of glossy green, they stand in groups on the gentle slopes, shading the velvety common or the breast-high luscious guinea grass, where browse the sleek cattle, or, satiated and recumbent, chew the cud. The scent of the ripe berries fills the drowsy air, lulled by the hum of the bee and the roar of the waterfall. Graceful clumps of woodland, spreading ceibas, scarlet blotched broad-leaf, crown the crests of the undulating hills, where from one, steeper than its fellows, the limestone crags crop out.

White roads bounded by grey stone walls wind along the hollows, dipping into the crystal rivulets where the water-lily floats, and sweep up the hill-sides to the white mansions glancing through their curtains of trailing creeper. The bright magenta of the Bougainvillea, the creamy whiteness of the stephanotis, the pale pink of the coralina enfold these lovingly, and with many another, fling broadcast their brightness and their fragrance.

For a background to our view we have hitherto always had the rugged outline of some ridge or peak of the Blue Mountains clad in virgin forest; but now we exchange these for rounded hills and swelling pastures. The broad estuaries of sluggish rivers, the mangrove swamps, the stony beds of mountain torrents give place to babbling streams of a purity that looks as though the flood could never defile it, now sweeping in a clear steady current right out to the bar in which the white breakers tumble, now shooting out over the cliff sheer down to the beach in a silvery cascade.

There is something weird and mysterious about the origin of these streams. They are cradled in the bosom of the earth, in the limestone strata far beneath the surface, fed by many a "sink-hole;" now coming out to bask in the light of day for



THE SQUARE, MANDEVILLE.

palms, banyans, ferns, vines, and other trees and plants innumerable. Looking upward, if we scramble out upon the projecting roots that form a rough bridge, the stream mounts terrace upon terrace, each curtained with an iridescent veil of falling water, which almost seems to drip from the branches of the trees that form the foreground, growing up in mid-stream

Leaving the boggy and walking along the path way about a mile from the road, we are rewarded by the sight of the great Fall, one of the loveliest objects in a land of beautiful things.

St. Ann's Bay, the principal town in the parish, is a clean little town, with a harbour open to the north, oututting

a mile or two, then disappearing again until they emerge for the final plunge into the sea. One of these, the Roaring River, has created for itself a veritable fairy-land in its course which we cross on the road to St. Ann's Bay, after passing the village of Ocho Rios. The noise which warns us of our approach to it amply justifies the name of the stream. It finds its way into the sea by a score of different channels, each overhung by vegetation in such a way that your first impression is that it is only a temporary flow of water escaping from some dam above, and will presently cease. The main stream is spanned by a strong stone bridge, from which we look down upon a scene which makes us rub our eyes and look and look again. There is a clear pool, calm of surface, but flowing nevertheless with a strong current seaward, out of which apparently grow cabbage

wharves, a street parallel to the harbour connected by cross streets with another further away, in which lie the principal dry goods and hardware stores. There is a neat little church, and the public offices are striking buildings. Cocoanut palms wave everywhere, and vegetation crops out in every corner that is not constantly trodden by passing feet.

About a mile to the west of St. Ann's Bay was the site of the first Capital of the Island, Sevilla Nueva, or Sevilla d'Oro, founded by Don Juan d'Esquivel, the first Spanish Governor of Jamaica. It was of large extent, and contained a Cathedral, a Monastery, a Theatre, and many Palaces. Owing to some cause of which no record has been left, it was abandoned and allowed to decay till scarcely a trace remains of the ancient city.

To the East of St. Ann's Bay is Don Christopher's Cove, so called from the fact that Columbus is reported, on the occasion of his last voyage to the West Indies, to have there stranded his two last crippled ships. Another place of interest to students of the early history of Jamaica is Runaway Bay, about ten miles from St. Ann's Bay on the Northern coast of the Parish of St. Ann. Hence it was that Don Arnoldi Sasi, the last of the Spanish Governors, after a desperate struggle with Cromwell's troops, managed to make his escape to Cuba. Dry Harbour, the Puerto Bueno of the Spaniards, is reached by road or by water from St. Ann's Bay. It is mainly interesting for its historic associations and for its proximity to a remarkable cavern at a place called Cave Hall Pen. This Cave is very long and contains two galleries which branch into grottoes and side aisles, from which there are stalagmites and stalactites of strange beauty.

South-east of St. Ann's Bay is the inland village of Moneague where, at an elevation of 950 feet above the sea-level, is a small hotel. The charges at the Moneague are not excessive, the climate is fairly good, and lovers of picturesque scenery will not be disappointed if they spend a few days there.

The mountains of this district of St. Ann have, like so many other parts of Jamaica, their bloody legends of bygone days, which may be related here.

About the year 1770, there lived at Pedro Vale in this district, Louis Hutchinson, a notorious murderer. Hutchinson was a Scotchman by birth, whose feelings had been hardened and disposition brutalised by the sad fate of his father and sister. His father had been murdered by a military officer who afterwards first outraged, and then murdered, his sister. Hutchinson lived at a house called "Edinburgh Castle," which overlooked a narrow pass leading from the North to the South of the Island. Here, assisted by his slaves, and under cover of a thick logwood fence, he waylaid the unwary traveller, and for many years few persons escaped his unerring aim. His victims were often mutilated and dismembered before being cast into a gully to decay, or be washed to the sea by the mountain torrents. His last victim was a man named Callendar, the



MARTHA BRAE, FALMOUTH.

and the aromatic coffee, tolling up towards the town, or returning laden with the various commodities and necessaries of life with which the stores there are so well supplied. A bright, clean, smart looking little place is this. None of those squalid tumble-down shanties, that so often offend the eye in the coast towns, meet the gaze. It carries in its face an air of prosperity that is no mere pretence.

To the West of St. Ann's Parish is that of Trelawny, which derives its name from Governor Sir William Trelawny, who died in Jamaica in the year 1772, and its chief town, Falmouth, is the second in size in the whole Island. The most interesting way by which to approach Falmouth is by road from Brown's Town. It is not merely that the scenery through which the road passes equals in picturesqueness that of other parts of Jamaica, but the social conditions which prevail differ from those of other districts. On the left is a district which some fifty years ago was made the scene of a curious experiment, namely, an attempt to introduce European immigrants into Jamaica. If in one sense the experiment was a failure, in another it was a success. For if on the one hand it showed that, as a general rule, the European constitution cannot stand prolonged

manager of a neighbouring estate. The story goes that Hutchinson would imprison infirm or sick persons in order to fatten them for the sacrifice, and that one unhappy creature so imprisoned was a witness of the murder of Callendar, contrived to escape and reported what he had seen to the authorities. Hutchinson, now that concealment was no longer possible, fled to Old Harbour and put out to sea in a small, open boat, but was arrested by a vessel sent in search of him by Admiral Lord Rodney. The number of his victims is unknown, but as many as forty-seven watches were found in his house. He was hung in Spanish Town on the 16th of March, 1773.

Brown's Town is an important inland town in this parish. It is a great centre of the produce trade, and at all hours of the day and night in certain seasons, drays and carts may be met loaded with the fragrant pimento

out-door labour on the hot plains of Jamaica, on the other hand it proved that such labour was quite possible in the cool and healthy mountain districts. Unfortunately the experiment was mismanaged and ended disastrously. Many of these immigrants were German by nationality and were located in this part of Trelawny. Their descendants may be found in the neighbouring Ulster Spring district, where the percentage of crime and illegitimacy is less than in most other districts, and where the general condition is that of a happy and contented people. Falmouth itself is a neat, well-kept town, with broad streets and several handsome and substantial buildings. Foremost among these is the Court House. Trelawny has always been famed for the lavish hospitality of its inhabitants, and the receptions given to successive Governors at Falmouth are characteristic of this hospitality. On the walls of the Court House are mementoes of past Governors. One of these is a full length portrait of General Sir John Keene, who was Lieutenant Governor of the Colony from 1827-1829 and who, at a critical time, administered the Government with mingled firmness and conciliation. Another portrait here is that of Sir Charles Metcalfe, who was Governor from 1839 to 1842 and whose conduct, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, deservedly earned for him the respect and admiration of the colonists. The Episcopal Church at Falmouth is a fairly substantial building which is now being internally repaired and decorated: but the most interesting ecclesiastical building is the Baptist Chapel, a spacious structure erected through the instrumentality of the Rev. William Knibb, the energetic and enthusiastic missionary who suffered much hardship and persecution on account of his labours among the slaves prior to emancipation.

Just outside Falmouth we cross the Martha Brae River, near which there is a tradition that a gold mine exists. It is said that the Spanish Governor, Don Pedro d'Esquivel, giving audience once to a cacique of the aboriginal tribes, was struck by the profusion of golden ornaments with which he had adorned his person, and demanded of him the secret of the mine. The



LUCEA.



RODNEY MONUMENT, SPANISH TOWN.

within its walls records of past generations of North-side celebrities, including one beautiful piece of sculpture by Chantrey. One monument in this Church has a strange story attached to it, a story which we may charitably hope to be apocryphal. This is the statue of a lady, by name Palmer, who lived at Rose Hill, an estate in the Parish of Trelawny. It is reported of this lady that she had murdered no less than five husbands, and that she herself died a violent death by strangulation. It appears strange that the memory of this female fiend should be perpetuated by a monument in church, but it is still more strange that, after the statue had been erected, there appeared round its marble neck a mark such as would be made by a hang-

ian refused to communicate this and was put to torture. If the secret was ever discovered, it was most effectually buried again, for no one has ever come across the mine since, and "the secret gold mine" it remains, and probably will ever remain.

Leaving Trelawny, to the East we enter the **Parish of St. James**, of which the chief town is Montego Bay, which ranks next to Kingston in point of commercial importance, as gauged by the amount of export and import duties collected. The Court House in Montego Bay is a fine building, dating from the year 1803. There is a handsome and extensive market, built some few years ago. Different religious denominations have their places of worship in the town, the most striking being the old Parish Church, which contains

man's rope, and that this mark had not been visible before the erection of the statue. Montego Bay is in direct communication weekly with New York, by means of the fruit steamers of Messrs. J. E. Kerr & Co., which also carry passengers.

In the Parish of St. James there is an observatory at Kempshot in the hills, about ten miles from Montego Bay, at an elevation of 1,770 feet, which was built on his own property by Mr. Maxwell Hall, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, who now occupies the position of Resident Magistrate for the parish. Mr. Hall's scientific knowledge and the use of his observatory are at the disposal of the Government, and he has contributed many valuable additions to the meteorology of Jamaica and the West Indies generally.

The mountains among which this place lies were the scene of a long and bloody struggle between the Maroons and the Government during the last years of the eighteenth century. Exasperated by a gross breach of their treaty privileges on the part of the authorities, these rough mountaineers rebelled, and were eventually only subdued by the importation of bloodhounds from Cuba to hunt them down.

Ruins of fine old barracks in a delightfully healthy situation are still to be seen at Maroon Town, about fourteen miles from Montego Bay. The empty window frames and crumbling walls surrounding the level green parade-ground that once resounded to the clatter of hoofs, the clash and jingle of accoutrements and the hoarse word of command, all call up the ghastly tragedies which were enacted among the defiles of these hills, now so silent and peaceful.

A great impetus has lately been given to the commerce of Montego Bay and its neighbourhood, by the operations of the Railway Company, which has begun an extension line which in a few months' time will connect Kingston with Montego Bay.

The Great River marks the boundary between **St. James** and **Hanover**, the most westerly parish on the North-side. Crossing this on an iron bridge, the road takes us on and on through a repetition of tropical scenery, changing and rechanging at every turn, to the cliff where we suddenly come upon the land-locked harbour of Lucea, which in some respects resembles that of Port Antonio, but is of much greater size. At the end of the harbour is a bold promontory from which rise the grey walls and spire of the old church, and the square, solid buildings of the barracks, with only the sky for a background, while at its extremity the battlements and embrasures of the ancient fort frown upon the waters which it once guarded. Cannon, too, useless with age and rust, are still there. White sails flit across the blue water and tiny dug-outs dart to and fro. An amphitheatre of hills frames this loveliness on three sides, on the slopes of which, green with patches of guinea grass and cane, comfortable looking houses are perched. The whole picture is eloquent of peace, of prosperity, and, above all, of health. For the livelong day the pure fresh sea breeze sweeps across the harbour, untainted by dust, or other



BAVANNA-LA-MAR.

go from Lucea direct, or round by way of Green Island. The first is a beautiful road leading through the finest grazing country in the Island. But for the great clumps of bamboo that constantly throw their graceful shade over the ponds and the profusion of water lilies that deck their surfaces, and remind us that we are still in the tropics, the sleek Herefords and the Shorthorns grazing contentedly on fat, clean pastures, bounded by grey stone walls, might delude us into the belief that we had suddenly been transported into some more temperate region.

There are six "pens"—as these grazing farms are called in Jamaica—in this district, namely Shettlewood, Rumble,

impurity; and there are no malarious swamps to poison the breath of the land-wind that nightly brings refreshing coolness from the Dolphin Head, looming up yonder to the South.

The yam, which is largely cultivated in Hanover, enjoys a great reputation in the other parts of the Island and on the Isthmus of Panama.

In travelling through the interior of Hanover, especially in the immediate vicinity of Lucea, yam greets the eye at every step—that is the outward and visible sign of the yam in the shape of heavy dark green creepers growing on sticks planted in the ground. The yam itself is the root from which this creeper springs.

To the South of the Parish of Hanover is that of **Westmoreland**. We may reach this from Montego Bay without including Lucea in the route; we may also

Knockalva, Haughton Grove, Burnt Ground and Cacoon Castle, each of whose acreage runs into the thousands, and which can show stock that would not disgrace any English Cattle show. At Shettlewood may be seen the silver-grey hides and quaint shapes of Zebu and Mysore Cattle imported from India, whose offspring, when crossed with the native animal, make about the most useful stock for draft purposes that can be desired.

The chief town of Westmoreland is Savanna-la-Mar, a shipping port of some importance in the country, and does the export trade of a large number of sugar estates on the plains in the interior, the produce of which is floated down the Cabaritta River, one of the two navigable streams of the Island. Savanna-la-Mar also carries on a large business in logwood, which grows abundantly there.

Savanna-la-Mar was the scene of one of the most fearful of those frequent episodes of death and disaster that occurred in the early history of Jamaica. On the 20th of October, 1744, during a fierce hurricane, accompanied by an earthquake, which wrought havoc throughout the whole Island, a huge tidal wave engulfed the entire town at one fell swoop, "leaving not a vestige of man, beast, or habitation behind." A more sudden and complete catastrophe, this, than even the destruction of Port Royal.

There is in Savanna-la-Mar an excellent school, which was endowed in the year 1710 by Thomas Manning, who left for that purpose by his will an estate called Burn Savannah, together with "thirteen negro slaves, one Indian slave, and a hundred head of cattle."

Some ten miles east of Savanna-la-Mar lies the township of Bluefields, formerly the site of the Spanish Oristan, of which, however, now no trace remains. It was also for some time the residence of Mr. Gosse, the naturalist, and is situated on the road leading to the adjoining **Parish of St. Elizabeth**, which is in area the largest, and in population the second largest in the Colony. The productions and natural conditions of St. Elizabeth vary very greatly with its varied elevation. Its principal town, Black River, is a sea-port town with a fairly flourishing trade. Black River, which is built at the mouth of a river of the same name, known, however, in Spanish times as the Rio Caobana, is a neat, well-kept little place with some creditable public buildings, the most noteworthy of which are the Court House and the Episcopal Church. The river is spanned near its mouth by an iron bridge and is navigable for some miles inland, bringing down to the harbour quantities of logwood which is largely exported from the town. Good alligator shooting may be got in the Black River and fairly good fishing in some of its tributaries.

The town of Black River does not give the visitor a correct idea of the beautiful and healthy climate of the northern



BRIDGE ON RIO COBRE RIVER.

of man's creation to please and interest him. The beauties of nature abound on every side and to persons who sketch or paint, there is plenty to amuse and edify; but invalids must not be encouraged to undergo fatigue or excitement in sight seeing; crowded and heated rooms, late hours, all operate injuriously and destroy entirely the beneficial influences of climate." In fact it is rather dull work having little but scenery to live on. External circumstances and conditions may produce a sensation of pleasure but happiness is of internal growth, and the visitor to, or resident in the Santa Cruz Mountains, or anywhere else, will be dull enough unless he carries within himself the sources of true happiness.

and central parts of this parish. The Santa Cruz Mountains bisect the parish from north to south, terminating at the southern extremity in a precipitous cliff known as the "Lover's Leap." There are several villages on these mountains and the salubrity of the climate is more than proverbial. The most popular resort is Malvern and the obliging Post Officer there will supply complete information. Dr. J. H. Clark, a medical man of some distinction, who can speak of the Santa Cruz Mountains from the experience gathered from twenty years' observation, has written a very able and appreciative article describing the salutary influences of a visit to these mountains. In reply to the question "What can I see?" put by a supposed invalid, Dr. Clark replies "There are few spots on earth where natural beauties so combine with those

On the eastern side of these mountains the road passes through a series of large paddocks or grazing pens, ending in the precipitous hills which lead to the Parish of Manchester.

In the Santa Cruz Mountains are schools—for boys at Potsdam, and for girls at Malvern—established by means of bequests more than a hundred years ago, by Mr. Munro and Mr. Dickenson, both of whom are commemorated by memorial tablets in Black River Church. Jamaica is peculiarly rich in educational endowments and there are few English speaking countries where a good education can be obtained at so small a cost.

Other places of interest in St. Elizabeth's Parish are the Pedro Bluff where are a number of caves supposed to have formerly been Indian burying places; Mexico, where is a cave more than a mile in length, through which flows the river Black River; and Accompong, a Maroon settlement overlooking and adjoining the Parishes of St. James and Trelawny.

The **Parish of Manchester** is largely a mountain parish, with a healthy, bracing climate and a contented, prosperous population. Its western boundary overlooks the plains of St. Elizabeth from which it is reached by steep climbing roads. Its principal town is Mandeville, with its old-fashioned village green, flanked by the Church, Schools, Court House and general stores. The railway extension has brought Mandeville within a few hours of Kingston, the nearest railway-station being at Williamsfield. Mandeville is much resorted to by persons wishing a change of air from the heated streets of Kingston, and possesses one hotel and several boarding-houses, one of which, presided over by Miss Roy, has been immortalised by Professor Froude. The hotel at Mandeville—now known as the “Waverley,” but until recently known as Brooks's Hotel—is a comfortable, well-conducted institution and can be recommended without reservation.

The scenery, in and around Mandeville, is of a less wild and romantic type than that on the north side of the Island. Undulating plains alternate with steep ascents; and tropical trees, cedars, mangoes, almonds, gum-trees, silk-cotton trees are to be seen in magnificent luxuriance. No mention of Manchester is complete without drawing attention to the oranges which grow in this parish as possibly they grow nowhere else in the world.

The only other town of any note in Manchester is Porus, a small town some ten miles from Mandeville, situated on the plains at the foot of the Manchester hills.

Travelling east from Porus, either by road or by rail, the **Parish of Clarendon** is reached. The northern and mountainous portions of this parish are populated by a prosperous negro peasantry, cultivating coffee, ginger and other vegetable products; in the southern districts are large sugar estates. The railway crosses the parish from east to west and there are three railway stations, namely those at May Pen, Four Paths and Clarendon Park. The principal town is Chapeltown, a



PORUS.

The waters of the Bath come from a small spring which flows from out the side of a hill about a hundred yards from the Bank. The officially published analysis of these waters gives the following mineral constituents in 1,000 parts of water:—

Chloride of Sodium,	- - - - -	20.77	Chloride of Potassium,	- - - - -	.16
Sulphate of Soda,	- - - - -	3.10	Chloride of Calcium,	- - - - -	1.50
Chloride of Magnesium,	- - - - -	4.12			

with traces of lithia, bromine and silica. Unfortunately the accommodation and conveniences for the reception of guests are

healthy place, with substantial public buildings, commanding beautiful views of the valleys through which flow the rivers Minho and Thomas. Lodging accommodation is very deficient at Chapelton, which is a matter for regret, seeing that, by reason of its easy access to and from Kingston and the undoubted salubrity of its climate, it is in every way suited to become one of the most popular health resorts in the Island. Other towns, or villages, besides Chapelton, are Rock River in the north, May Pen and Four Paths in the centre and The Alley and Milk River in the south. The most important of these small centres of population is Milk River, where is a bath the waters of which are possessed of valuable curative properties, especially for gout, rheumatism and liver complaints.

not proportionate to the curative qualities of the waters. In a generally healthy climate like that of Jamaica, where comparatively few people suffer from the ailments for which the Milk River Bath is a remedy, there is no chance of any large expenditure on bathing or lodging accommodation being remunerative. The charges, however, are extremely reasonable and the relief, if not the cure, is almost certain. For occupation there are fishing and rowing with now and then a shot at an alligator.

Several places in Clarendon have an interest of their own to the student of Jamaica history. At Carlisle Bay in 1694 the local militia gallantly repulsed a strong force of French invaders who had previously devastated a large tract of richly cultivated land in what is now the Parish of St. Thomas. At Sutton's, about a mile south of Chapelton, occurred in 1690 the first really formidable outbreak among the slaves in Jamaica. Morgan's Valley serves to recall the name of Sir Henry Morgan, the redoubtable buccaneer, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the Island in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The last of the country parishes, taking the circuit of the Island in the order adopted in these pages, is **St. Catherine**. The tourists in this parish will undoubtedly be centred in Spanish Town, founded by the Spaniards and known to them by the name St. Jago de la Vega, St. James of the Plain, so called to distinguish it from other places named after the Patron Saint of Spain. Spanish Town is between twelve and thirteen miles from Kingston, and is reached either by road or rail. From the time of the English conquest of Jamaica until 1872, this interesting little city was the capital town of the colony. In the centre of it is the Square, flanked on the side by "The King's House," built in 1762, for many years the official residence of the Governor and probably the finest building of its kind in the West Indies. Opposite the King's House is the former Legislative Hall, where for 200 years the House of Assembly held its meetings. On the north side of the square, in a handsome temple, is a magnificent statue of Rodney by Bacon, which was erected to commemorate the great victory, in 1781, of that Admiral over the French fleet under Count deGrasse, which saved the British West Indies from possible conquest: on either side of the statue are two long brass guns which were captured from the French Admiral's ship in the same battle. One of the most unpopular acts of Sir John Peter Grant, when Governor, was the removal of this statue to Kingston, when the seat of Government and most of the public offices were transferred thither from Spanish Town in 1872. This act caused a feeling of dissatisfaction for seventeen years, until in 1889, the statue was restored to its former position, under its old cupola in the Public Square of Spanish Town, amid great rejoicings. It is said that the Mango, now so common a fruit in the West Indies, is another trophy of this victory, some young trees, found in one of the French ships, having been planted in Jamaica. It is even said that some large trees growing at Berkshire Hall, not far from Linstead, are "original trees." This seems



GARDENS, SPANISH TOWN.

ments, tablets and slabs are older, and are extremely interesting. The church is paved with grave stones, amongst which are those of persons who were eminent in their own times, and whose names are still remembered by posterity. Some of the grave stones are specially interesting to Archeologists. There is one to the memory of three of a family named Assam, who had for their crest three asses engraven on the stone. Another makes it appear that an eminent man (Colbeck of St. Dorothy) died "amid great applause." A recent re seating of the Cathedral has hidden many of these slabs, but this obscurity is compensated for by the preservation of the inscriptions, which were being obliterated by rough treatment and the tramp of feet.

hardly likely, but it may be that they are closely descended from the trees brought by Lord Rodney.

Opposite the Temple of Rodney and forming the quadrangle with a pretty public garden in the centre are the Town Hall, the Court House and the Government Savings Bank.

The Cathedral dedicated to Saint Catherine is a building of some pretensions and by no means devoid of interest on many accounts. It is supposed to stand on the foundation of the Spanish Red Cross Church of St. Peter, which was wantonly destroyed by the English troops, on their first entry into Saint Jago de la Vega. The present building takes the place of the earlier one, built in the reign of Queen Anne, which was irreparably injured in the hurricane of 1712. Some of the monu-

The Cathedral has a beautiful east window, some fine oak carvings and several admirably executed pieces of Sculpture, the most striking of these being those erected to the memory of the Earl and Countess of Effingham, Sir Basil Kerth, Major-General Selwyn and the Countess of Elgin.

Among other places of interest in St. Catherine are the Vale of Guanaboa; Port Henderson, with its Mineral Springs and Bath, a favourite holiday resort of the people of Kingston and Spanish Town; on the hill at Port Henderson is Rodney's "Lookout," from which the Admiral "watched the adjacent sea"; Apostles' Battery; Green Bay, Fort Augusta; Passage Fort, where the English conquerors first landed; the Great Salt Pond; Old Harbour, which was a thriving port in the days of Spanish occupation, and which, after being closed for many years, has been reopened to the great advantage of the Island; and Linstead, an inland town, the centre of rich and fertile districts. Between Linstead and Spanish Town, through a lovely gorge, known as the Bog Walk, flows the Rio Cobre. Few parts of Jamaica are more beautiful, and few will better repay a visit than the Bog Walk. It has been the theme of much descriptive writing, but there is a richness and a subtle delicacy about it which defy the power of the pen properly to portray them.

An exceedingly comfortable and well-conducted hotel has recently been built at Spanish Town on the banks of the Rio Cobre, from which it takes its name. There are also private boarding houses; living at Spanish Town is cheap and good, the temperature is not excessively hot, whilst all the year round the nights are cool. Spanish Town, in short, replete with historic associations and surrounded by natural charms in endless variety, quite justifies all that has been said, or written, in its praise.



H. M. S. "URGENT."

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG MEN IN JAMAICA.

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By His Excellency Sir Henry A. Blake, Governor of Jamaica.

The following article appeared in "*The North American Review*" for December, and is reproduced in the hand book as affording useful and interesting information.

The Jamaica International Exhibition which was opened by H. R. H. Prince George of Wales in January, 1891, and remained open until May, resulted in the influx of a considerable number of observing visitors, and the dissemination of a large amount of information, through the English and American press, as to the Island, its beauties, its progress and its capabilities. The interest aroused on both sides of the Atlantic has been shown by numerous letters received by me and by others in the colony asking for further information, especially as to the prospects of success for young men desirous of trying their fortune, and the beautiful surroundings so often described, but whose infinite variety baffles the power of words to fully paint.

These inquiries resolve themselves into two divisors—those who have capital and those who have none. To the latter I have always replied that there is no opening for them. The inquirer with the capital I have advised to come to Jamaica, and to spend at least twelve months in examining the different parts of the Island before investing his money. If he can get temporary employment on an estate or on a "pen," so much the better. He will learn how to deal with the people and also find out if the climate suits him for practical work. It must be remembered that visiting a tropical country is very different to working in it. Even though the work be simply supervision. If he is satisfied, he can then choose whether he will invest in the purchase of a pen, and become a breeder of cattle, horses or mules, or all three; or whether he will purchase an "estate," that is, a property on which the business is the cultivation of sugar, coffee, fruit, or fibre.

As to the kind of crops that can be produced in Jamaica, if we leave out the cereals, wheat, barley and oats, the Island will produce anything that can be grown in the North American Continent. Its soil, elevation and climate are so diversified that while sugar cane and pine apples are growing in the plains English gorse is in bloom in the high hills and wild strawberries abound on all the mountain paths.

It is not my intention to go into particulars of the various crops that now form the staple exports of Jamaica. Suffice it to say that they pay the growers well, when the profits are not swallowed up in the expenses attending the management of properties belonging to absentees. The average cost of management and commission on such properties is about 20 per cent., at least one half of which could be saved to a resident and industrious owner. But the crops may be divided into two broad divisions, those that pay best when grown extensively, and those suitable for small proprietors, of whom over fifty thousand are to be found in Jamaica. In the former category we will have sugar, bananas, coffee, cacao, oranges, tobacco; and in the near future I hope to see the cultivation of the *agave rigida*, or sisal hemp plant extend. Small growers can profitably produce ginger, nutmegs, maize, tomatoes, yams, onions, potatoes and other vegetables suitable for the Canadian or American markets.

Grapes grow as freely as in California, and only require careful cultivation to yield very large returns. All these crops are capable of enormous expansion, but the carelessness of our people prevents them growing them with as much profit as might be made. The Jamaica oranges are the best in the world; there is no systematic care taken of their growing, picking, sizing and packing, as there is in Florida. So far there has been no attempt to grow separately the different kinds of bananas although the trade has expanded in 10 years from the export value of £44,215 to £531,726.

There are large cocoanut walks in the Island. The nuts are sold for about three-fifths of the price given for Baraco nuts. No care is taken, as in Mauritius and elsewhere, to thin the branches as grapes are thinned and thus give room for the nuts to grow. Everything is left to nature, and so bounteous is she that she yields with lavish hand, paying returns in defiance of a system that violates every canon of successful agriculture.

But, it may well be asked, if there are all these opportunities for the investment of capital, how comes it that while young Englishmen flock to Manitoba or Nebraska, the Cape, New Zealand, or Australia, undeterred by distance or climate, and ready to begin a hard struggle by building a log hut, they neglect the Island of Jamaica, in which they may find houses ready built, fences ready made, and fields that only require the ordinary annual operation for putting in the crop? And further, how is it that the owners of these small properties are so ready to part with them for a small consideration?

The answer is simple. When the work of a slave, with interest upon his value could be had for about £15 a year, and when sugar sold at £60 per ton, it paid for the reckless extravagance of the vicious and riotous living of many of the local managers and owners. It paid for the appalling waste of human life. Cargoes of young men came out year after year, and were plunged into a fiery furnace of temptations that only a moral hero could withstand. By scores and hundreds the yellow

fever claimed them and if men lived now as they lived then, it may be assumed that yellow fever would become a perennial scourge. But the absentee owner in England drew a princely income and asked no questions. With falling markets incomes fell, and the manumission of the slaves accelerated the downward movement. Some managers refused to accept the dictum that emancipation involved the right to abstain from labour. They could not realize that to a slave whose life had been one long weary round of coerced labour, relaxation from work must have been the greater happiness, and they drove from the estates the people who, from the first ecstasy of freedom, refused to give for a daily wage the same steady labour they had erstwhile yielded to the persuasion of the cow hide. Others claimed exorbitant rents for the mud hovels in which the now free labourer resided. Six shillings and eight pence per week for each inmate over 10 years of age was a not uncommon claim made for the rent of hovels, the erection of which had not originally cost a pound. The consequence might have been easily foretold by people less stupidly blind. Already great numbers of negroes had cleared patches in the unclaimed forests that clothed the hills. The people thus driven off joined their friends in the interior and there laid the foundation for the peasant proprietary that is now so marked a feature in the social economy of Jamaica.

It was not long before the income of the absentee owner approached the vanishing point, and at length calls for remittances from him to enable his agents to square accounts were not uncommon. Then in some cases properties were abandoned, in others they were sold for nominal sums to the local manager or overseer; and many have been kept on, just managing to pay a very small sum to the owner, the returns being absorbed in the payment of local supervision and charges. All this took place during the past generation. It is only 50 years since steam communication between England and Jamaica was established and not one proprietor in a hundred thought it worth his while to make the voyage. The belief was accepted that property in Jamaica was valueless, and the memory of young men who had died on sugar estates in endless succession, and the recurring epidemics of yellow fever among the white troops, who were fed and clothed and overcrowded with all the ignorant brutality of our military system of 50 years ago, stamped the Island in the opinion of the English people as a white man's grave, to be carefully avoided. Hitherto no special means have been taken to dispel these illusions. Now, that soldiers are treated on more rational principles, the reports of the army medical officers show that Jamaica is almost the healthiest station for the British troops out of the United Kingdom, while the general health of the community is shown by the vital statistics, which give the average death rate per thousand for the past seven years as 23.9, a very low rate when it is remembered that the death of black children under five is abnormally high. But old beliefs are hard, and years after the extraordinary beauties of Jamaica had been described and its capabilities demonstrated by visitors who had braved the climatic

superstition and found here renewed health and strength, properties were being sold for less than the value of the stock that was on them, or in some cases for a tenth of the value of the logwood that grew upon them.

A "pen" is usually divided into Guinea grass, common pasture and "wood and ruinate." The average value would be £4 for Guinea grass per acre, £2 for common pasture and £1 for "wood and ruinate." It is not possible to give an average value for estates for crop cultivation, as everything depends upon position, soil and water capabilities. At present mules are the best paying stock. A three-year-old mule can be bred for £7 and £8. The average selling price is about £17.

As to estates for the cultivation of crops, granting the proper condition of climate and soil, the yield will depend upon the industry and ability of the manager. In the cultivation of crops there are so many possible leakages that the fool and his money soon part.

But, besides the cultivation of the land, there are other ways of making money. The exhibition has shown that Jamaica has a large quantity of ochres that if treated on the spot would pay a fair dividend. The Island also possesses pottery clay as good as any in England. The difficulty is that of obtaining skilled labour. A local company started a pottery and trained workmen were imported from England. But English tradesmen seem unable to resist the seductions of cheap rum in the tropics. The two leading hands spend their time between the lock-up and the gutters; the terra cotta works are suspended and the problem of reliable skilled labour that will last long enough to teach our own more sober people is still to be solved.

I find that I have not said anything upon an important factor—labour. To the question as to the abundance of labour, there will be as many answers as there are differences of disposition of employers. To secure a fair day's work the eye of the master is necessary, but I am satisfied that there is no necessity for apprehension on the score of labour.

I have put aside all temptations to embark in description of the beauties of Jamaica, and confined myself to a slight sketch of some of its capabilities; so that young men may realize that here, within a three days' sea-journey from the United States, there is a British Island, where money can be made and where life and property are as secure as on any portion of the American Continent.

It is necessary to emphasize the fact that the people are singularly law-abiding, and that there is an entire absence of the reported crimes, that, if true, disgrace the Southern States of America, for there is a tendency of many writers to jump to general conclusions as to the negroes, from limited observations. I find the following passage in a book by Philip A. Bruce, on "The Plantation negro as a free man," published in New York. Having spoken of the reverting of the Haytian negro to African tribal customs, he says:—

"Jamaica has sunk to an equally hopeless condition, one of the first parts of the globe, a part upon which nature has lavished without stint her greatest treasures and beauties, has declined to a tropical wilderness far more wretched, with its evidence of former prosperity, than when the foot of Columbus first touched the shores of San Salvador."

Now I can only say that this is ridiculously untrue. The aggregate amount of land in cultivation has been steadily increasing since the date of emancipation, and is still increasing. In 1870 there were 516,924 acres in cultivation, in 1890, there were 640,249, and while there is still ample room for improvement there is much reason for satisfaction with the social advance of the people. They are fulfilling their duties as citizens quietly and well, and there are no grounds for apprehension that they will retrograde from their present position. Jamaica, beautiful, healthy, and fertile, with a law abiding population, and a good supply of labour, offers opportunities for investment that only require to be known to secure an influx of industrious capitalists whose advent must accelerate her material progress.



SPANISH TOWN RIVER.

THE CLIMATE OF JAMAICA.

BY the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Wm. Wood & Co., New York, we reprint the following extracts from an article on the Climatology of Jamaica, by Dr. Thomas L. Stedman, of New York City, which forms part of Buck's "Reference Hand book of the Medical Sciences." Apart from the fact that the opinions here expressed are those of an experienced and competent medical man, they have a value of their own, as far as Jamaica is concerned, in that they are the deliberate and well-weighed utterances of one who is neither a native of, nor a resident in, this Colony, and whose words may therefore be regarded as being untinged by prejudice and unbiased by patriotism.

Dr. Stedman writes:—It is difficult in a brief article of this nature to describe satisfactorily the climate of Jamaica, as owing to the diversity of elevation and other causes it varies greatly in different parts of the Island: in some districts it is hot, in others temperate and even cool; in some it is dry, others the rainfall is very great: indeed, the only characteristic common to all the varying climates of Jamaica is equability. Thus at the sea-coast the average temperature is 78° F., (the extreme range for the year being only 35°), while on the mountains at an elevation of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet the mercury ranges between 50° and 70°, occasionally falling, on the summit of the highest peak and in mid-winter, even to the freezing point. In the accompanying charts, compiled from the official figures in the "Hand-book of Jamaica," the mean temperature is given for the city of Kingston, and this may be regarded as the mean maximum for the entire Island. Unfortunately systematic observations of the variations of temperature in the more elevated portions of the interior are wanting, but numerous unofficial readings of ordinary thermometers, taken with more or less regularity for a number of years by private individuals, show that the in-door temperature in places in the interior is on an average from 5° to 15° below the figures here given. From June, 1880, to the end of the year 1886, the readings of the thermometer were taken at eight hour intervals, to wit, at 7 A. M. and at 3 and 11 P. M., but since that time at 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. only. During the entire period the highest temperature observed was 96.1°, recorded on September 12th, 1890, and the lowest was 56.7°, recorded on December 4th, 1887. The *absolute* maxima and minima are not given in the first table, but their averages are about four degrees above and below the maxima and minima deduced from the daily readings.

The most striking peculiarity of the climate of Jamaica is its variety combined with equability. A ride of a few miles



FERRY ON RIO COBRE RIVER.

in general, while the differences in elevation and in exposure to, or protection from the prevailing trade winds give to it the pleasing diversity, as regards temperature, humidity, and rainfall of the most temperate of continental climates.

In the first of the meteorological charts the rainfall is given in two columns, one for Kingston and the other, the average for the whole Island. There is, as a rule, less rain in Kingston than in most of the other parts of the Island, the trade winds being drained of their moisture by the mountains to the north and east of the city. The heaviest precipitation occurs in the Parish of Portland which forms the northeastern extremity of the Island.

into the hills will bring one from the torrid zone to the temperate—from an average temperature of nearly 80° to one of 65° or 70° . But whatever district one may select, whether a warm one or a cool one, he will find the temperature very nearly constant, the extreme range for any one month being seldom over 25° Fahrenheit, while that for the entire year, at Kingston, is but 35° ; and in some parts of the Island the excursions of the mercury are even more restricted than this. As regards humidity, also, there is the same choice of climate open to the invalid or the pleasure seeker, who may select a place of residence with a humid or a dry atmosphere, as suits best his inclinations or the necessities of the affection from which he suffers. Jamaica indeed enjoys all the advantages in respect to uniformity of temperature of island climates

METEOROLOGICAL CHARTS FOR THE CITY OF KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

(Compiled by MAXWELL HALL, M. A., F. R. A. S., F. R. M. S.)

FOR THE TEN YEARS FROM JUNE, 1880, TO MAY, 1890.

FOR THE YEAR 1891.

MONTH.	TEMPERATURES.					RAINFALL.		MEAN TEMPERATURES.					EXTREMES OF TEMPERATURE			CLOUD, PERCENTAGE OF WHOLE SKY.		HUMIDITY.		(Kingston only.)					
	Barom. Pressure. IN.	Mean. °	Maximum. °	Minimum. °	Range. °	Wind (S. E.), Miles per diem.	Cloud, percentage of whole sky.	Humidity.	Kingston. IN.	The Island. IN.	7 a. m. °	3 p. m. °	Maximum. °	Minimum. °	Range. °	Maximum. °	Minimum. °	Range. °	Wind, Miles per diem.	7 a. m. °	3 p. m. °	7 a. m. °	3 p. m. °	Rainfall. IN.	
January.....	30.054	74.6	86.4	66.8	19.6	68	29	78	0.96	3.87	68.4	83.6	86.8	66.5	20.3	90.4	61.5	28.9	53.9	13	48	84	60	0.41	
February	30.049	74.7	85.8	66.8	19.0	72	27	78	0.32	2.62	69.6	83.9	86.7	66.9	19.8	90.2	63.6	26.6	127.1	30	40	79	55	0.27	
March.....	30.034	75.8	85.7	67.8	17.9	77	29	77	1.50	2.88	70.4	82.9	85.8	67.4	18.4	91.4	63.2	28.2	73.5	25	42	80	59	0.04	
April.....	30.008	77.9	86.5	69.8	16.7	68	39	75	1.02	4.18	74.9	84.6	86.3	71.9	14.4	89.1	68.4	20.7	70.0	31	53	78	61	1.25	
May.....	29.979	79.4	87.2	72.4	14.8	74	56	78	6.50	8.40	77.1	85.2	87.0	73.1	13.9	91.0	69.9	21.1	63.5	48	63	78	63	2.03	
June.....	30.000	80.8	88.5	73.8	14.7	115	57	78	5.51	7.83	79.0	85.9	87.7	74.9	12.8	90.9	72.2	18.7	112.7	50	74	76	65	6.47	
July.....	30.024	81.1	89.7	73.5	16.2	103	52	76	2.15	4.32	78.6	88.6	90.4	75.0	15.4	96.1	72.0	24.1	116.7	38	62	72	56	0.49	
August.....	29.983	80.4	89.4	73.2	16.2	80	55	79	4.09	6.83	76.8	85.6	91.2	74.5	16.7	96.7	70.0	26.7	69.8	44	74	79	66	3.08	
September.....	29.956	80.1	89.7	73.3	16.4	70	62	80	3.59	6.86	76.9	85.6	89.4	74.4	15.0	91.7	70.5	21.2	41.6	56	84	80	69	1.54	
October.....	29.937	78.9	88.9	72.1	16.8	56	58	81	4.69	7.84	75.6	83.2	87.1	74.0	13.1	91.7	70.3	21.4	77.8	74	90	84	71	9.10	
November.....	29.962	77.8	88.9	70.7	18.2	53	44	78	1.22	5.07	72.7	83.6	84.1	69.3	14.8	89.9	66.9	23.0	63.1	36	68	88	66	3.95	
December.....	30.005	75.7	87.0	68.4	18.6	57	38	78	1.50	5.60	69.8	84.0	87.1	69.4	17.7	89.3	63.9	25.4	77.1	23	61	83	59	0.23	
Means or Totals.	29.999	78.1	87.8	70.7	17.1	89	55	78	32.64	66.30	74.1	84.7	87.5	71.5	16.0	91.5	67.7	23.8	78.4	39	63	80	62	28.86	



ON THE NORTH COAST ROAD.

to the census of 1891, is 639,491, an increase of about 60,000 since the census of 1881, and of 130,000 since that of 1871. The capital and chief city is Kingston, the largest and most important, as well as the healthiest, seaport town of the British West Indies. It is a city of 48,500 inhabitants, situated on gently sloping ground on the shores of a large and nearly land-locked harbour. The land on which the city lies is a gravel bed, and as it has a slope to the sea of about ninety feet to the mile, the natural drainage is excellent. The water supply is drawn from two rivers at a distance of several miles from the city, and as regards freedom from contamination is above reproach.

There are two principal rainy seasons, namely in May and October, but there is usually more or less rain all through the summer months. In the winter months in the neighbourhood of Kingston the precipitation is very light. The rain usually comes in heavy showers of only a few hours' duration, and the days during which the sun does not shine at all are very rare. It is almost always possible to predict when the rain is coming as it can be seen, quite a while before its arrival, advancing from the mountains, giving one ample time to get under cover before the downpour begins. This is fortunate for the visitor, as a wetting is one of the three things that an unacclimated person in the tropics must avoid, the other two being exposure to the direct rays of the noonday sun and to the cool night air.

The population of Jamaica, according

The diseases for the climatic treatment of which Jamaica is particularly well suited are bronchitis, fibroid phthisis, incipient pulmonary tuberculosis, catarrhal affections of the respiratory passages, Bright's disease, rheumatism, various forms of dyspepsia, and nervous prostration. All parts of the Island are naturally not suitable for the treatment of all these varied affections, but for each one a locality exists where the patient can find the climate especially adapted to the necessities of his particular disease. Respiratory affections especially do well in this mild and equable climate, as may be judged from the records of one of the life insurance companies doing business on the Island, which show that the company lost but one life from diseases of the respiratory organs (bronchitis) during a period of thirty-five years. These do well in almost any part of the Island, although there is even here a choice, as cases with scanty expectoration are most benefited in those districts where there is considerable moisture in the atmosphere, while those in which there is free or even profuse secretion are more quickly relieved in the neighbourhood of Kingston where the humidity of the air is at a minimum. Patients with nervous prostration receive more benefit from a stay near the seashore than they do in the uplands, and the same is in a measure true of dyspeptics, especially of those in whom the gastric trouble is partly nervous in its origin. Sufferers from Bright's disease do well, as a rule, in all parts of the Island except possibly in the most elevated regions where in the winter months the thermometer is apt to fall a little too low after the sun goes down, and where, especially on the northern slope, there is at times a little too much rain to be agreeable. The same remarks will apply also in the case of rheumatic patients, but the latter would do well to take a course of the waters at one of the numerous mineral springs, of which a few words may be said in closing this article.

There are several medicinal springs in Jamaica, some thermal and others cold, which possess therapeutic properties of no little value, and which are deserving of more careful study by balneologists than they have hitherto received. The most important of these, or at least the best known and the only ones at which passable accommodations for visitors are as yet provided, are the Bath of St. Thomas the Apostle, about a mile from the town of Bath in the Parish of St. Thomas, the Jamaica Spa, at Silver Hill in St. Andrew's Parish, and the Milk River Bath, at Vere in the Parish of Clarendon. The first of these is a thermal sulphur, the second a chalybeate, and the third a thermal saline water.

The accompanying table, extracted from a brochure on the "Mineral Springs of Jamaica" written by the Hon. J. C. Phillipo, M. D., shows the results of analyses of these three and of two other springs on the Island. All of these are quite easily accessible from Kingston.

MINERAL SPRINGS OF JAMAICA.

ONE PINT CONTAINS:	Milk River Bath. <small>(Analysis by Sarony & Moore.)</small>	St. Thomas the Apostle. <small>(Analysis by Bowrey.)</small>	Jamaica Spa. <small>(Analysis by E. Turner.)</small>	Silver Hill Spring. <small>(Analysis by ____)</small>	Manatee Bay Spring.
	Grains.	Grains. 0.21	Grains.	Grains.	Grains.
Carbonate of Sodium	—	—	—	—	traces
Carbonate of Iron	—	—	—	—	2.71
Carbonate of Calcium	—	—	0.866	—	—
Chloride of Potassium	1.44	0.04	—	—	—
Chloride of Magnesium	37.08	—	—	—	4.34
Chloride of Sodium	186.93	1.48	—	0.125	52.52
Chloride of Calcium	13.50	—	—	—	1.31
Chloride of Lithium	traces	—	—	—	—
Sulphate of Sodium	27.93	0.79	—	0.341	—
Sulphate of Magnesium	—	—	2.831	1.745	—
Sulphate of Calcium	—	0.62	—	1.234	—
Sulphate of Iron	—	—	2.210	0.833	—
Sulphate of Aluminium	—	—	4.168	1.360	traces
Phosphate of Aluminium	—	—	—	—	—
Iodide of Sodium	traces	—	—	—	—
Bromide of Sodium	traces	—	—	—	—
Bromide of Potassium	traces	—	—	—	—
Bromide of Magnesium	traces	—	—	—	—
Silicate of Sodium	—	0.45	—	0.883	—
Silica	traces	—	—	—	—
Totals	266.88	3.59	10.073	6.521	60.88
Temperature (Fahrenheit)	92°	130°	63	—	—
Sulphuretted Hydrogen	—	—	undetermined.	—	—

The limits of this article will not permit of a detailed description of each of these springs, but the subjoined analyses will suffice to indicate their general characteristics and to suggest their therapeutic application. The waters of one or the other of the springs are of value, taken internally and applied in the form of baths, in the treatment of rheumatism, gout, chronic bronchitis, catarrhal conditions of the stomach and intestines, constipation from abdominal plethora, hepatic and other congestions of the abdominal viscera, amenorrhoea, anaemia and chlorosis, various forms of skin diseases, and chronic malarial affections. The Government has made grants from time to time for the improvement and care of the buildings at these baths, but there is yet much to be desired in the matter of cuisine, bathing facilities, attendance, and other things that contribute to the comfort and entertainment of the invalid. In the absence of these desiderata they still possess the great advantage that they may be visited in the winter season when the more pretentious and better equipped spas in Europe and the United States are closed.

The best months in which to visit Jamaica are November to April inclusive, as these are the coolest and driest of the year, but one accustomed to the fierce summer heats of our northern cities would find a grateful change in the hills of Jamaica even in mid-summer.



ON THE WAG WATER AT CASTLETON.



SPANISH TOWN CATHEDRAL.

During the first of the above-mentioned four periods the soldiers were over crowded in the enervating heat of the plains; sanitation was almost unknown, ventilation was hindered, water was collected from the roofs of the barracks whence it drained into tanks, it was never filtered and was too deficient in quantity to admit of ordinary cleanliness. And the other accompaniments of barrack-life were of the same type.

During the second period the strength of the military forces stationed in Jamaica was much reduced, hence there was more barrack room accommodation and consequently a decreased mortality.

To the above opinion we may add that a fair criterion of the healthiness, or otherwise, of the climate of Jamaica may be obtained from a study of the medico-military statistics of the Colony. These are exhaustively treated of in an expansion of a paper read before the Jamaica Branch of the British Medical Association by the late Brigade-Surgeon S. E. Maunsell.

Beginning at 1817, about the time when a first attempt was made to compile statistics of disease and to classify under various heads the causes of non-efficiency among soldiers, Dr. Maunsell, in a statistical summary, shows, amongst others, the following remarkable figures :

YEARS.	RATIO PER 1,000	
	Admissions to Hospital.	Fatal Cases
1817—1836 - - -	1812.55	121.3
1838—1847 - - -	1526.66	63.07
1848—1859 - - -	1141.69	32.70
1860—1869 - - -	994.76	21.25

The reduction in the years 1848-1859 may largely be accounted for by the removal, first started indeed in 1842, of the European troops to Newcastle, 4,000 feet above the unhealthy stations and encampments on the plains.

The improvement in the decade, 1860-1869, would possibly have been more marked but for an outbreak of fever in 1867. This is a convenient place in which to pause briefly in our statistics, because one result of the 1867 epidemic was a War Office Commission, the giving effect to the recommendations of which has almost revolutionised the reputation of Jamaica as an unhealthy military station. This Commission plainly showed that in the zone, where yellow fever is endemic, an entire dependence on elevation as an absolute and certain safeguard was utterly insufficient, if it were accompanied by a neglect of other reasonable precautions which should be taken in every climate.

The above-quoted figures show that half a century ago three soldiers out of four stationed in Jamaica were twice a year in the hospital, and that twelve per cent. died every year. Other statistics, which need not be tabulated here, show that more than five sixths of these fatal cases were caused by fevers, that on an average every soldier had twenty-three days of sickness during each year, each attack lasting on an average thirteen and one-half days.

We now turn to the military figures for the next two decades and we find:

YEARS.	Average Annual Deaths,						Ratio of Deaths per 1,000 Admissions to Hospital,
1870—1879	-	-	-	-	-	5	13.77
1880—1889	-	-	-	-	-	4	11.36

In the last-named of these years, 1889, the deaths from all causes were eight per thousand and from fevers *nihil*.

Statistics such as these can have but one meaning which is that, when proper sanitary precautions are taken and due care is paid to personal hygiene, whether among military men or among civilians, the climate of Jamaica is as healthy as that of any part of the world. Admitting the possibility of contracting, through carelessness or otherwise, some tropical fever, this possibility is more than counter-balanced by the immunity from other sicknesses and ailments which have their origin, not in evil conditions and surroundings which man can remedy, but in the bleak cold of winter, in frost and ice, and snow and blizzard, against which there is for the delicate constitution no escape but flight.

BISHOP LITTLEJOHN ON JAMAICA.

THE following is a copy of a letter from Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island, New York, to Messrs. George A. Doer and E. Haughton Sanguineti, Assistant Commissioner and Secretary, respectively, for Jamaica to the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893:—

S.S. "ALENE," AT SEA, 21st March, 1893.

DEAR SIRS:—I have spent the past ten weeks in Jamaica and have found it most attractive and delightful. I have never seen any place superior to it for persons from northern latitudes who are in pursuit of health and rest, or for tourists who wish to see new phases of nature combining the rugged grandeur of mountain scenery with the picturesque beauty of valleys and plains.

The climate of the Island is unsurpassed, and in some respects it is much to be preferred to that of any of the best known health resorts in other parts of the world. In fact one can find almost any climate he desires in Jamaica between the temperature of the sea level and that of ranges of mountains which rise at the highest point to over 7,000 feet.

The Island is large enough (a hundred and forty miles long by about fifty miles wide) to afford the greatest variety of landscape effects, many of them so truly magnificent and so peculiarly distinctive of Jamaica as to astonish old travellers familiar with the noblest scenery of other lands. The excursions to the most interesting parts of the Island can be made with little trouble or fatigue and at moderate cost.

The Government roads are the best, smooth, solid and constantly cared for. I have never found in any country of Europe roads to surpass them. Throughout its borders, Jamaica has an admirable Police system which secures quiet and good order in every local community. A ready obedience to law is everywhere apparent; due in good part, no doubt, to the constantly increasing influence of a beneficent and well-managed scheme of popular education. Certainly whatever the causes that have produced the result, nowhere in the world are property and life more secure.

Access to Jamaica is now very easy. The Atlas Line of Steamers leaving New York every week transport passengers with safety and comfort; and when one arrives there he finds travel to certain points made easy and pleasant by railways of admirable construction. Finally, next to the remarkable attractions of Jamaica is the remarkable fact that so little is known about them. For this reason I am glad of the opportunity to write these lines which, I trust, may be in some degree helpful in calling attention to one of the most delightful winter resorts in the world. Yours truly,

[Signed.] A. W. LITTLEJOHN.

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS OF JAMAICA.

THE first object that greets the eye of the voyager as he nears the shores of this Island is the mass of dark blue mountain looming up on the horizon; and as he draws nearer and nearer, though clearer and more distinct the shapes that peak and ridge may assume, each still retains the tint of deep, deep azure that gives its name to the range.

From its highest point, 7,500 feet above the sea, it throws out branches north and south, which now open out into alluvial plain, now descend sheer into the girdle of paler blue sea that encircles the Island.

And from that highest point down to where the foam of the breakers curls around its feet, it is majestic, beautiful, fraught with a thousand legends of bygone times, and clothed with a thousand different forms of vegetable life in the dark woods that re-echo the roar of the streams thundering down each gorge.

Up on those towering peaks whose heads daily wreath themselves in a white robe of fleecy mist, or don the leaden crown of the thunder cloud, under the yacca and the soapwood is the lair of the wild hog; and among the branches resounds the mournful "lookoo" of the ringtail pigeon, the scream of the parrot and the plaintive note of the solitaire. These with the sough of the wind among the tree tops and the roar of the torrent in the ravines make nature's concert.

Whole forests of graceful tree-ferns are there; orchids garnish the gnarled limbs that do eternal battle with the wind; mosses, green and gold and gray, clasp the knotted trunks or float pendant in the air. Strange fungi of brilliant hues crops out of the ground, where the foot of the hunter falls noiseless on the carpet of dead leaves centuries deep.

Fairy forms of fern overarch the crystal stream and kiss its frothing surface with their trailing fronds. Brilliant blossoms nod aloft on the mighty trees and blush among the thickets.

And among all this we may wander for weeks together in silent communion with nature, with no chance of seeing a human form, and no fear of encountering a dangerous or noxious wild beast or reptile.

The naturalist will find abundance of new material in the shape of ferns, orchids, flowers and fungi; the lover of the woods for their own sake will be able to gratify his passion to the full; and the practical man in search of land to cultivate will surely say: "What magnificent soil!"

The most striking Peak of the Blue Mountains in approaching Jamaica from the eastward is the Sugar-loaf, which rises



A NATIVE FISHING BOAT.

Kingston. None of the other points approach the highest within 2,000 feet, with the exception of Sir John's Peak on the Government Cinchona Plantation, which is 6,100 feet high. This, however, is on an off-shoot trending southward, and not on the main ridge proper.

These southern and western slopes are largely cultivated and inhabited. Here are situated all the principal coffee plantations of this part of the Island. Turning east and north we behold only virgin forest, the home of the ringtail and the wild hog, rarely trodden by human foot.

sharp, distinct and isolated, about forty miles, as the crow flies, from the eastern extremity of the Island. Although eminently fitted by its shape and situation to be the highest point of the range, by some mistake, it is not, that distinction being enjoyed by the most westerly of a cluster of three "humps" rather than Peaks, which are connected with the Sugar-loaf by a precipitous ridge of about a mile and a half in length. This ridge is in parts so narrow that it is literally possible to sit astride of it; and were it not for the profuse vegetation that covers its sides, it would be indeed giddy work to look down them.

From here westward the main ridge runs along the centre of the Island, dividing the Parishes of St. Andrew and St. Mary, and it may be said to terminate at Stony Hill, ten miles to the north of

And on both sides shoot out great spurs, which in their turn send forth other spurs, which again branch out into numberless ridges, all intersected by ravines, so that the aptness of the description of the great Columbus, when he likened Jamaica to a crumpled sheet of paper, at once becomes obvious.

In the hollows of these manifold ridges lie valleys of the richest vegetable soil that one can conceive, virgin land, absolutely untouched by cultivation. Down each gorge rushes a stream of a purity that puts the very crystal to shame, wasting day after day tons upon tons of potential water power.

Coffee, the natural product of these mountains, grows here to perfection, and bears in almost incredibly short time. As an instance of this we may be allowed to quote the case of some two hundred acres of virgin soil recently planted in coffee by Captain G. G. Taylor, of Moy Hall, a retired English officer, who settled in these mountains. Having the necessary capital he proceeded to clear and cultivate at an elevation of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, in the Parish of St. Thomas, on the southern slope of the Peak. In two years some of the coffee actually began to bear; in four it was all in bearing; and now the crops are coming in upon him so thick and fast that he was for a time seriously put about for the necessary space for curing and storing. He has now commenced clearing some one hundred and fifty acres more. When that shall have been completed and planted Moy Hall will be the most extensive coffee plantation in Jamaica, and a perfect mine of wealth to the fortunate owner.

And when we remember that the climate of these mountains is such that Europeans can labour in the open air without discomfort, and English flowers, fruit and vegetables grow easily, it will be seen that here is an El Dorado indeed. The principal difficulty is of course the means of transport and locomotion, for owing to the mountainous character of the country everything has to be done on horse or mule-back.

On the northside of the eastern end of the Blue Mountain range, in the Parish of Portland, on the lovely Cuna Cuna Pass to which allusion has already been made, lies the Maroon settlement of Moore Town. Every ridge of this portion of the range is alive with legends of the Maroon wars; for here was the principal haunt of those bandits of the old, dark days; and here, far back in an almost inaccessible fastness of rocky mountain precipice was their stronghold of Nanny Town.

About the year 1730, "The Maroons had grown so formidable under a very able leader named Cudjoe that it became necessary to increase the military strength of the Colony and to erect extra barracks. Every barrack was provided with a pack of dogs by the Church wardens of the parish to guard against surprises at night and for tracking the enemy in the mountain fastnesses." Nanny was one of the wives of this same Cudjoe, and her name is a household word among the



KING'S HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

the settlement he created such a panic among the Maroons, who had probably never seen or heard of cannon before, that most of those who were not actually killed by the discharge huddled themselves over the precipices and were dashed to pieces among the adamant rocks below. To quote the words of a recent historian:

"The spot is now and has been ever since a scene of superstition awe to the Maroons; it is difficult if not impossible to persuade one to guide the traveller to the place. The spirits of those slain in the battle are said to linger there, while it is a fact that men whose personal courage is unquestionable have been bewildered by the strange mysterious noises

Maroons to the present day. She appears to have had the reputation of being possessed of supernatural power, and many remarkable feats are still ascribed to her.

Chief among them was the pot which she kept boiling at the junction of the two rivers, just below the site of Nanny Town, without any fire underneath, into which the soldiers and militia who were operating against the Maroons fell and perished when they looked into it. The whole region about Nanny Town teems with legend; and the belief in the weird stories is not confined to negroes alone, as we shall presently show. After defying for years all attempts to dislodge them, the Maroons at length succumbed in 1734 to the intrepidity and skill of a Captain Stoddart, who cut a path through the forest and dragged up two small mountain howitzers. Bringing these to bear upon

"they hear when camping down for a night. The fears of the Maroons have affected their own spirits, for the falling stones are no doubt occasioned by the wild hogs rooting among the hills; and the flapping of the wings of strange low-flying creatures is occasioned by sea-going birds who roost among these mighty heights and before dawn hasten away to "the ocean below."

And in truth it is a spot worthy to be the scene of ghost stories. Far away from everywhere, in the heart of the Blue Mountain range, the Main Ridge throws out two large spurs that trend northward, and that in their turn, as above described, again shoot out cross ridges. Two of these converge at a height of 3,700 feet and fall in almost a sheer precipice of adamant rock 900 feet high into a river that roars along in the narrow gorge at their feet. The river is formed by the junction of two others that gush out from behind the ridges, and where they meet the eternal beat of the plunging waterfall has hollowed out a cauldron in the iron rock, which it keeps full of seething, but ice cold water. Here you have the mysterious "Nanny's Pot." This spot can scarcely be surpassed on the face of the earth for wild and romantic beauty. On one hand the Stony River, the principal stream, which flows along the site of the old stronghold 900 feet above, descends this abyss in three leaps, the last of which is over a perfectly perpendicular wall of rock 150 feet high. Over this it flows in a silvery cascade that throws broadcast into the air a myriad sparkling gems, and forms tiny rainbows wherever its course is broken by a slight inequality in the face of the rocky wall. On the other hand the waters of the Nanny River come tearing down into Nanny's Pot, keeping the ferns and grasses that fringe its sides and nestle in every crevice in a perpetual state of agitation by the displacement of the air. On every side tower black rocks with surfaces polished by the flow of centuries, glistens and sparkles water of crystal purity, and nod and gleam and nestle green and gold mosses, ferns and lichens bejewelled by iridescent dew-drops, all shaded by tall forest trees between whose leaves the sun casts mottled shadows on the loveliness beneath.

A paradise on earth in truth! It is hard to picture in one's mind this silvery torrent befouled by bloodstains, these moss decked boulders besmirched by battered brains and mangled limbs, the harmonious silence of this whispering, sighing, verdant wilderness, to whose beauty the roar of the cascade tunes ceaselessly fitting music, turned to discord by oaths and curses and screams of rage and pain, the baying of hounds and the rattle of musketry.

Captain Stoddart's track was afterwards converted into a permanent road, traces of which are still in existence and used by the hog hunters living about the villages of Somerset and Rose Hall in the Upper Blue Mountain Valley in the Parish of St. Thomas. But they are always careful only to approach within a respectful distance of Nanny Town; while the Maroons



MYRTLE BANK HOTEL.

"This is the forest primeval; the murmuring cedar and yacca
"Bearded with moss, and garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
"Stand like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic,
"Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms.
* * * * *

"This is the forest primeval, but where are the hearts that beneath it,
"Leap like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?"

confidently assert that none but themselves can go thither, and persistently refuse to believe that the writer of this description depicts the scene from his own personal observation. In fact, so great is their dread, that it is beyond question that there are now only a very few of the older men of the Moore Town settlement who know the place, none of the younger generation having ever been near it.

Should this description and the legend attached to the spot arouse the curiosity of any traveller to verify for himself the story of spook and goblin, an application to the writer of this will put him in the way of doing it without any reference to Maroons.

So much for the historical and the sentimental aspect of the beautiful Blue Mountains, in wandering among which it will be strange if the words of Longfellow do not occur to the lover of nature.

SUGGESTED EXCURSIONS FROM KINGSTON.

ONE DAY.—To Hope Gardens ; Gordon Town ; Cane River Falls ; Castleton Gardens ; Port Henderson ; Spanish Town ; Newcastle.

TWO DAYS.—To Bog Walk, Linstead and Ewarton, sleeping at Rio Cobre Hotel, Spanish Town ; Bath ; Mandeville.

THREE DAYS.—To Mandeville ; Moneague.

In all cases arrangements should be made beforehand both for lodging accommodation at hotel or boarding-house and for being met by buggy or carriage at the nearest railway station.

For excursions of more than three days' duration the tourist will do well to avail himself of the facilities offered by the Atlas Steamship Company, or by following any portion of the route round the Island which has been sketched elsewhere in these pages.



POR T ROYAL, FROM CLOCK TOWER.



ATLAS COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP "ADIRONDACK."

